

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 4, 1971 \$0.35/15

A NEW RAMPAGE OF RUNNING BACKS

ED MARINARO OF CORNELL



The first Gran Torino.

Rugged, like all of the nine new Torinos, because it's built on a new body-frame.

And quiet, because it's a Ford.

Gran Torino. It's one of the 1972 Torinos. The new line of mid-size Fords.

With a tough body-frame, computer-tuned to limit vibration and noise. With a special suspension, so you can ride smoother. Standard front disc brakes, so you can stop straighter and surer. And plenty of seating space.

It's the new standard of value in the mid-size field. See all the beautiful 1972 Torinos at your Ford Dealer's now.



1972 Gran Torino Sport

1972 Gran Torino Squire, shown with optional luggage rack



TORINO



Better idea for safety. Buckle up.



Why pickpockets like a winter vacation as much as you do.

You go south to the warm sea breezes and the hot, bright sun just to get away from winter, right?

So does a pickpocket.

But the difference is that while you're down there relaxing, he's hard at work getting something besides a suntan. Your wallet full of cash—cash you thought about protecting with American Express Travelers Cheques but didn't. After all, you weren't going abroad. And it meant one more thing to do.

Too bad you didn't. Because American Express Travelers Cheques are the sure way to protect your money—and your vacation.

If they're lost or stolen, you can go to the local American Express, subsidiary or representative office—they're all over the U.S. and the world—and get your missing Cheques replaced.

Even on weekends and holidays in the U.S. and western Europe, American Express can arrange an emergency refund of up to \$100 to tide you over. To get your emergency refund in the U.S., call Western Union Operator 25. In western Europe, call the nearest Avis Rent A Car office.

Only American Express gives refunds 365

days a year.

Our Cheques are good everywhere—at restaurants, nightclubs, hotels, motels, resorts, gas stations, stores—both here and abroad.

You can get American Express Travelers Cheques where you bank for just a penny per dollar.

They're good as cash when you spend them—and a lot better should you lose them.

So protect yourself and your next trip with American Express Travelers Cheques.

Because it could happen to you.

Another travel hint: get confirmed hotel and car rental reservations worldwide in seconds...free. Call American Express Space Bank®. Reservations toll-free at (800) AE 8-5000.



**THE TRAVELERS CHEQUE
AMERICAN EXPRESS
FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL™**

THAT ELEGANT STRAIGHT-8

(Always the impressive choice.)



The Car:
the 1930 SJ
Duesenberg Torpedo
Phaeton—a supercharged
straight-8, which did
100 mph in second
and sold for \$50,000
in today's money.

The Whiskey:
the elegant straight-8
bourbon by Hiram
Walker himself.
Aged 8 years in the
oak and always the
impressive choice.

WALKER'S DELUXE

That elegant straight-8



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc. 341 North Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles E. Best, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year, military personnel at overseas in the world \$8.99 a year, all others \$16.00 a year.

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Next week

BIG BOO, BIG SUBBA and the Human Bowling Ball are three of the 40 reasons why the Colts have been so successful. A look at the Super Bowl champions by Tex Maule.

BLUEBIRD TATTOOS decorate the chest of top jumping jockey Joe Auchison, a tough bird on any course but one of an endangered species of fine and forgotten athletes.

DETERMINED to be big-league, San Diego snapped up pro franchises, but its residents have other ideas about what is entertainment and enjoy a rich sporting life of their own.

Today this Holiday Inn made 463 businessmen a little more efficient.

"Front desk." "This is Phil May in 1827. I'd like to rent a car this afternoon and... oh... could I get a quick press from your valet service?"

"If it's important, call me.

Otherwise leave a message at the switchboard.

It's open all night."

"Why don't we go for a quick dip in the pool, then up to the restaurant for a nice, juicy steak?"

"Relax, Pete. I'll run down the hall and get the ice."

"Don't worry about cash, Frank. Just charge your bill on one of your credit cards."

"Well, Jim, if you stayed here, you would have avoided the ticket. Holiday Inns have free parking."

"Room Service." "This is Bill Lane in 819. I'd like five ham and cheese on rye... hold the mustard."

"Yes, Mr. Hayes, we have your room all ready. And they're expecting you in meeting room C on the second floor."

Of all the hotel, motel and motor-lodge systems around, only Holiday Inn can offer you *all* of the services and conveniences mentioned above, in over 1,300 locations around the world.

That makes Holiday Inn a little more efficient than the rest of the crowd. And if we're more efficient, it's easier for you to be, too.

It's something to think about before your next business trip.

The most accommodating people in the world.





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CHRISTMAS
EARLY**

**Order
SPORTS
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now
and pay next January.**

Every year you tell yourself, "I'm going to do my Christmas shopping early."

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Right this minute, why not make a big gain on your Christmas shopping?



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for CHRISTMAS

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED/TIME & LIFE BUILDING/CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

A man and a woman are in a ski shop. The woman, with blonde hair and wearing an orange top and a dark vest, is looking at a pair of skis held by the man. The man, with dark hair and wearing a tan jacket, is smiling and looking at the skis. They are surrounded by many pairs of skis hanging on a wooden wall. In the foreground, a pack of Viceroy cigarettes is visible, tilted towards the right. The pack is white with a red band and features the Viceroy logo, which is a sunburst design.

Her first pair of skis. And
he wants them just right.
The right length. The
right feel. He won't
have it any other way.
Their cigarette? Viceroy.
They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.

Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.

Tiring? Not, 1-800-368-8888. See your cigarette.
FTC Report Aug. 71.

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BOOKTALK

Bernie Parrish, still giving his rivals some hard shots, bombs pro football

Bernie Parrish, former cornerback for the Cleveland Browns and Houston Oilers, writes the way he played football, by lowering his helmet to hash an opponent in the ribs. In his book *They Call It a Game* (The Dial Press, \$7.95), Parrish often hits lower than that. You can get an idea of what's coming in the preface: "This book is intended to drive Pete Rozelle, Arthur Modell, Carroll Rosenbloom . . . and the other so-called sportsmen-owners out of professional football. They are my enemies."

In fairness to Parrish, he does not even spare himself. He readily admits that without Deshaun, "I doubt I would have ever played a day of pro football," and that in a game he enjoyed nothing more than giving an opposing player a lick. With relish he recalls the time he caught unwary Bobby Crockett of Buffalo ambling downfield for a pass. "I smashed my right forearm into the side of his helmet and he went down like he'd been shot. You wait years for an opportunity like that."

As a former player representative for the Browns, Parrish brings a practiced eye to phony front-office bookkeeping (he would seem to demolish one Dallas Cowboy annual financial report), questionable deals (he charges that the Detroit Lions secretly forced Granville Liggins to sign with Calgary in the Canadian League) and blacklisting (a federal grand jury has been using Parrish's material in its investigations).

Yet, for all its candor and insights, the book leaves a rotten aftertaste. Hearsay, innuendo and rumor are set down willy-nilly without support of fact. For instance, Parrish hints that there has been widespread fixing of games. But instead of giving names, dates and places, he merely repeats hearsay.

Then there is the press. Parrish sees the sportswriting fraternity as involved in a gigantic conspiracy with NFL owners. "Almost on cue they promote a merger, push legislation, attack an opponent of the league . . . or generally create a cover for whatever dealings the owners may be plotting," Parrish writes. As an example, he cites a book, *Jin Brown: The Golden Year 1964* by Stan Isaacs, which apparently omits the names of Parrish and the three other Cleveland defensive backs in the account of the title victory over Baltimore. "To the average fan," Parrish writes, "our omission from the account of that championship game must have seemed unimportant, but . . . it was obvious and calculated—the type of omission which pleases Arthur Modell and other members of the league hierarchy . . ." There is a word to describe thinking like this: paranoid.

—ROBERT H. BYRLE

Do you have about one square foot to spare for a music center?



You may find this hard to believe, but into this sleek, sophisticated, 3½-foot high pedestal (in Rosewood finish), Magnavox has squeezed an FM/AM radio, an 8-track cartridge tape player, and an air-suspension speaker system with two high-compliance 6" bass woofers and two 3½" tweeters. Never before has so much magnificent stereo sound come from so little floor space!

Magnavox



1972 Pontiac Grand Prix. You'll have to decide

It won't be easy. After all, the styling is timeless. Enduring. While the ride is definitely Wide-Track. Smooth. Stable. With great handling.

The decision's even tougher if you include Grand Prix's interior design in the mixture.

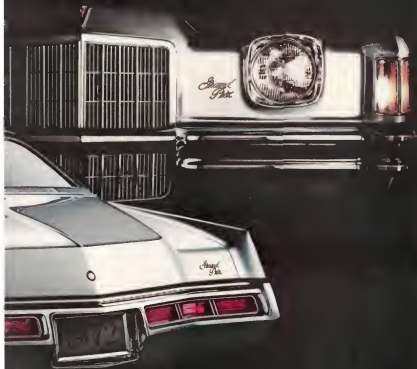
It's functional. The instrument panel has a wraparound shape that makes gauge-reading and switch-flipping unusually easy.

Yet it's elegant. Foam-padded bucket or

bench seats in Morrokide or cloth trimmed in Morrokide. Carpeting. Console with the bucket seats. Cushioned steering wheel. And more.

You'll also find Pontiac innovation in Grand Prix. Windshield radio antenna. Concealed wipers. Power-Flex fan. And on the available Grand Prix SJ model, a Delco-X battery that never needs water.

There's amazing response built into the drive



what's better...the style or the ride.

train and suspension. You get a 400 V-8 (a 455 V-8 is available). Variable-ratio power steering. Power front disc brakes. And Turbo Hydramatic. All standard.

Now if it seems like Grand Prix is a lot of car, you haven't seen anything. Because Grand Prix has a long list of safety features. Energy-absorbing steering column. Seat and shoulder belts. Front-seat head restraints. And a dual master

cylinder brake system with warning light.

As you can see, when you try to decide what's better (or best) about the 1972 Grand Prix—it's quite a choice.

But then, maybe that's what makes Grand Prix so interesting to drive.

Buckle up for safety.



Pontiac Motor Division

That's what keeps Pontiac a cut above.

I. W. HARPER. THE IMPRESSION IS LIGHT.

It has a liberated attitude.

If you believe great bourbon has to taste heavy, you believe a myth. Because I. W. Harper is great bourbon that never tastes heavy. It always treats your taste light.



86 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
© I. W. Harper Distilling Co., Louisville, Ky.



SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

UP AGAINST THE LAW

The NCAA, a stickler about having the letter of the law obeyed, especially its own, has been running up against the law itself lately. A boosters group at the University of California filed suit against the national collegiate organization for putting California on probation. It argued that the ruling was invalid, arbitrary, capricious, contrary and discriminatory, and that it has seriously hurt the group's efforts to raise funds for the university. The probation came after sprinter Isaac Curtis helped California win the 1970 NCAA track championship. Curtis had failed to take tests required under the NCAA's 1.6 rule, which has to do with the evaluation of a scholarship athlete's scholastic potential. The NCAA therefore deemed him ineligible and subtracted his points from California's total, which cost Cal the championship it had won on the track. The school refused to go along with the ineligibility ruling (Curtis' grades have been acceptable, and he is playing football this fall), even though this means it is barred from championship competition and postseason games, and its wins and losses are expunged from Pacific Fight Conference standings.

Meanwhile, in Tulsa a few weeks ago a court ordered the NCAA not to punish either Texas or Oklahoma if their football game was telecast over regular channels in that city. But NCAA officials warned both schools that they could be held accountable if they allowed such a telecast. Oklahoma President Paul Sharp decided the university would not sanction a telecast of the game. A contempt charge was then filed against NCAA officials for threatening to interfere with the court order. A few days later NCAA attorneys apologized to the court, saying the organization had intended to comply with the order and that the apparent failure to do so was the result of a mix-up in communications. The contempt citation was held over for a year to give the

NCAA time to review its rules in order to make them flexible enough to handle exceptional situations, like TV in Tulsa when Oklahoma plays Texas.

NO STILL LIFE

Ken Harrelson, the baseball player who is trying to become a pro golfer, failed in his first attempt to earn a PGA tournament player's card. Part of his trouble, he says, is controlling his temper: "On one hole I had a 110-yard pitch shot, and I hit it 60 yards. I got so mad I almost blacked out. I keep thinking I've got a baseball bat in my hands. I'm trying to kill the ball, hit it over the fence. I've got to fight it every round." Yet Harrelson admits that he likes the idea of a golf ball sitting there politely and not moving until you sell it to. Remembering his baseball days, he says, "It's hell when you stand there 60 feet away from a guy who's trying to decide whether or not to drill one 100 mph right between your teeth."

SHOW TIME

Football players are by tradition conservative and apolitical, but about 50 members of Michigan's undefeated team have signed a petition asking that the halftime show at Michigan's game this Saturday with Indiana be devoted to antiwar themes. Campus antiwar groups circulated the petition, and star Running Back Billy Taylor said, "I don't know anybody who saw it who didn't sign it." Quarterback Tom Slade commented, "I'm more conservative than 90% of the students. I'm pro-Nixon. But I signed with the intention that I'm against the war."

Several of the players announced that they would flash peace signs or clenched fists as they left the field for the halftime intermission. Coach Bo Schembechler said, "Let's consider it an individual matter. All I can say is the players don't decide what goes on at halftime."

When the petition came to the attention of University President Robben

Fleming, he referred it to Athletic Director Don Canham. Canham declared, "I'm not surprised. Who the hell is in favor of the war anymore?" But he added that the athletic department did not determine the content of the halftime show. That was up to the band, which voted to stay with the antiwar theme it had been rehearsing. This prompted an antiwar student to say, "Unless the band turns over three or four minutes of its 12 minutes of music time, there'll be two half-time shows going on at the same time."

And so it goes. One thing is certain. There won't be too much trouble getting the crowd to pay attention to this halftime entertainment.

PARK HERE

Ace Auto Parks of San Diego has developed a system of speeding cars out of stadium complexes. Using a platoon of traffic directors coordinated from a control tower by walkie-talkie radio, they have managed to hustle 16,000 cars away



from the 52,000-seat San Diego Stadium in 45 minutes, or about half the time it normally takes to empty a parking lot of that size.

Since their success in San Diego, the Ace people have been retained by Stanford Stadium in Palo Alto and by the new Texas Stadium in Dallas. One of the fascinating discoveries the organization has made since it began emptying people out of tight places is the variegated plumage of the American stadium bird. The most difficult patrons

continued

No-fault auto insurance. are for it, shouldn't

Some people say no-fault is the answer to all the auto insurance problems. Everything from the high costs to the length of time it can take to collect a claim.

Some people say no-fault is the answer to nothing. Several states already have it.

Several more are considering making it law.

We happen to think that, while no-fault is a good place to begin, there are a great many more things that should be done.

However, knowing what you think of insurance companies—and knowing that some of you may find it a bit hard to believe that any insurance company could be for anything that could lower rates and make claims easier to collect—we'd like to do something better than give you our opinion.

We'd like to supply you with enough information to have your own opinion. (After all, it is your money that's at stake.)

So if you call or write The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, we'll send you out a simple explanation of no-fault. As unbiased as we can make it.

We'll tell you what major no-fault insurance plans have been passed or are being considered.

If insurance companies you be against it?

We'll tell you how the various plans are supposed to work.

We'll tell you what problems they could solve and what problems they can't possibly solve.

And, of course, we'll tell you what we think ought to be done.

Then you can make up your own mind. Before your state legislators make up theirs.

And if you have any less lofty questions on your mind—or any problems—our Office of Consumer Information will do its best to help you with them too.

Call toll-free weekdays, from 9 to 5 Eastern Time **(800) 243-0191**.

Call collect from Connecticut **277-6565**.

Or you can write, if you prefer, to The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Connecticut 06115.



THE TRAVELERS

Which of these cities has the most critical drug problem?



Boston



New York



Philadelphia



Chicago



St. Louis



San Francisco



Los Angeles

There are 80,000 New Yorkers who'll do just about anything to get their daily dose of drugs. That makes New York City the drug capital of America. But every one of these major American cities has a drug problem that's almost as bad.

There's a CBS Owned AM radio station in each of these seven cities, and they're all doing something about drug abuse. It's a big job, because our stations feel responsible to over 60 million people.

WCBS Newsradio is the station that's responsible to New York. Its award-winning series "Report on the Drug Scene" presents the whole ugly truth about drugs. Like its report on newborn babies that are "hooked" because their mothers were addicts.

San Francisco hears about drugs on KCBS Newsradio's series "Drug Scene." Its targets run the range from pep pills to heroin. And its possible solutions range from drug education in the schools to methadone therapy.

Of course, when the seven CBS Owned stations aren't bringing you the news of the day, we're campaigning against things like pollution, crime, and the high cost of living.

Because community service is pretty habit-forming, too.

The CBS Owned AM Stations

We feel responsible to over 60 million people

WLLA Newsradio 99 Boston
WJLB Newsradio 98.5 New York
WJLB 101.5 Philadelphia
WJLB Newsradio 76 Chicago
KSNB Newsradio 1120 St. Louis
KJZZ Newsradio 71 San Francisco
KCBS Newsradio 1070 Los Angeles
Represented by CBS Radio Spot Sales



*If this were an ordinary gin, we would
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray*

PRONOUNCE IT "TANKER-RAY"

IMPORTED BY T. T. LORAIN, NEW YORK, N. Y.

One shudders to think

Nadeen Peterson,
Sr. Vice-President and Creative Director,
D'Arcy-MacManus-Intermarco advertising in New York.
First woman Vice-President of Tatham-Laird.
Vice-President and Associate Creative Director
of Foote, Cone & Belding
Senior Associate Creative Director and
Vice-President of Norman, Craig & Kummel, Inc.
And most recently, brand new mother of a
7½ pound boy

Not to mention pretty

When Nadeen reached for the moon,
the moon reached back.

Where does Nadeen Peterson go from here?

Her advertising accomplishments include notable campaigns
for Genesco, Pfizer, Dow Chemical,
PepsiCo, Bristol Myers, Sears, TWA, and many others.
And her benevolent 15-month rule at
DMJ-New York has seen a rise in billings from
\$25 to \$38 million.

Her secret formula?

Enlightened creativity with heavy research
Leveling with clients to build trust
An emphasis on listening, since the client has to know
more about his business than you do
But most of all, making the right business decisions,
like advertising in Business Week.

Though, understandably, her clients U.S. News and
Good Housekeeping are her first loves, Nadeen
knows that advertising in Business Week gets to the
heart of the matter, too.

An ad in Business Week
will be seen by more big spenders for the money
than in any other business book.
Over 130,000 presidents and owners alone
And she also knows that her advertising
will be seen by the people who swing entire ad accounts to
pros like Nadeen Peterson
(Which is why our Index to Advertisers and
Agencies section becomes so useful.)

Point. An ad in Business Week sells client and
agency alike, and for less money.

Advertise in Business Week.
It's where you go from here that counts

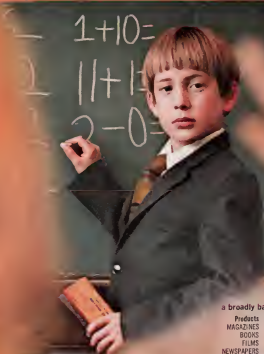
Business Week

We mean business





As long as there are questions to be answered,
we're in the right business.



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ing hundreds of extra dollars in the bank. There are two ways you can draw on this cash reserve:

1. Write yourself a loan by writing a check—Write a check on your LaSalle checking account. If there isn't enough money in your account to cover the check, LaSalle will automatically loan you the amount needed up to your full line of credit in units of \$100.

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As you repay your loan, your line of credit automatically renews itself. Whether you ever plan to borrow money or not, it pays to qualify for a LaSalle line of credit so you'll always have a cash reserve to draw on if you ever need it.

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Here's the newest idea in radio to keep you tuned in on all the action... the Triumph Headhugger Headset Radio. Put it on your ears, turn it on and tune it in for big sound radio only you can hear.

The Triumph Headhugger lets you follow the play by play no matter how wild the crowd gets. And it won't disturb those around you. So, you can keep up with the fights on the field, without starting one in the stands.

TRIUMPH HEADHUGGER RADIO

Everything for fine quality listening is in the comfortably padded earphones... two 2 1/2" speakers, volume and tuning knobs, battery. The Triumph Headhugger is lightweight, so you can wear it and listen with comfort throughout the game. Enjoy it anywhere... in the stands or in the family room, outdoors or indoors, in the dorm, at home, even on the job. Remember, there's nothing to plug in.

The Triumph Headhugger is less than \$20. So, it's an ideal holiday gift, the gift of peace. Write today for the name of your nearest Triumph dealer.

 **TRIUMPH**

Triumph/Precision Products & Parts Division, General Time Corporation
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399 South Wheeling Road, Wheeling, Illinois 60090



**You're fighting inflation every day.
Why not let your life insurance help you?**

What can life insurance do to help you fight the high cost of living? Until recently, not a thing.

Then Life of Virginia invented a new kind of life insurance called Econo-Flex. It does something no other life insurance plan can do. It will cost less when infla-

tion makes other things cost more.

When inflation drives living costs up and we can earn more on premium investments, Econo-Flex protection costs you less.

So when you really need to get the most out of your budget, your life insurance can help.

No other life insurance plan is designed to fight inflation over the years like Econo-Flex. And only your Life of Virginia representative can tell you about it.

If you really want to do something about inflation, Econo-Flex wants to help.

LIFE OF VIRGINIA
A RICHMOND CORPORATION COMPANY

Frost 8/80 Dry White Whisky:

The color is white. The taste is dry. The possibilities are endless.

This is the first whisky that makes every drink taste really better.

That's because this is the better whisky.

And here's what makes it so unique.

We filter the finest from the barrel through hardwood,

softwood and nutshell charcoals.

The taste is full, and yet subtly dry.

It doesn't get lost in your drink. It's always there and always great.

Try it with any mixer or even on the rocks, find out just how much better it is.

FROST 8/80



to deal with, says Ace, are professional football fans, who are described as mean and aggressive, always looking for an opening, always trying to beat the system. The professional baseball fan, on the other hand, is courteous and patient, but tends to be slow in reacting and moving out of the way.

College football devotees, for some reason, pay their parking fees in small change—often in pennies. And drivers at the Billy Graham Crusade that opened the Texas Stadium in September, well, they were very straight arrows. So much so, in fact, that they amazingly maintained a single lane of traffic while leaving the parking lot. Even when there were five lanes available.

NO BLOOD?

In case you are looking around for an educational toy for the kids, you might try something called Kenner SSP Smash-Up Derby. The ads say it has all the thrills of a real demolition derby, with snap-on, fly-off parts. The cover of the box has a peachy drawing of a head-on collision, too. Be the first on your block.

TENNIS, ANYONE?

Tennis achieved the millennium four years ago when the artificial barriers separating professionals and "amateurs" (the word is in quotes because amateurs regularly made a bundle) were torn down and open tennis was launched. But now the International Lawn Tennis Federation, the force behind the classic tournaments at Wimbledon and Forest Hills and the governing body for all players, but those known as contract pros, is feeding again with World Championship Tennis, Lamar Hunt's select troupe of top professionals.

Because of jurisdictional disputes, the ILTF and WCT have split. True, open tennis embracing all the leading players is due to die an untimely death on Jan. 1, when contracts expire. Attempts to negotiate a settlement seem doomed. Last week each side rejected an appeal for a compromise from Rothmans, the British cigarette firm that has been a major sponsor of tournament tennis. "With a modicum of give and take on both sides," says a perturbed Rothmans man, "the differences would have been resolved."

Allan Heyman of London, the ILTF president, was "too busy" in September to go to the U.S. Open Championship

continued



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at Forest Hills, where Hunt hoped to meet him for a summit conference. Instead Heyman suggested lunch in London, adding, "Any move now must come from WCT and not from us." Hunt was not inclined to move. And neither reacted to Rothman's appeal.

Foolish. Without the 32 contract pros whom Hunt controls, Wimbledon, Forest Hills and the other ILTF events will become bland affairs, a mockery of the classic tennis tradition they are supposed to epitomize. Without Wimbledon and Forest Hills, pro tennis will never attain the stature it deserves.

SEEDS OF DEFEAT

As Purdue whacked Minnesota 27-13 a couple of weeks ago on lush, green grass that must be the pride of Purdue's agronomists, a disgruntled visitor from Minnesota was heard to complain, "Our boys just can't play on this artificial turf."

ADDED ATTRACTION

There is a move afoot to get the National Hockey League to apply the practice of sudden-death overtime to regular-season games. Sudden-death endings are stimulating and good drama, whereas tie games are often pallid affairs, particularly during the closing minutes when the opposing teams will settle for the tie rather than risk all-out offensive moves that might backfire. Objections to overtime play usually boil down to worry about travel schedules, a problem baseball manages to solve all year, and the players' distaste for longer games. But, the argument goes, if a tie means you have to go into overtime, there will be fewer ties after three periods because the players will be going all out to score and win in regulation time. Which means more exciting hockey for the onlookers all evening long.

THEY SAID IT

- Jake La Motta, controversial ex-prizefighter, after being named "Noblest Roman of them all", "I guess it's because I haven't been arrested in a long time."
- John Kerr of the Virginia Squires, ex-coach of the Phoenix Suns: "One thing I've never been able to figure out is: Connie Hawkins was barred from the NBA for associating with gamblers, but when I was at Phoenix we won him in a coin toss."

END

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HOW THEY DO RUN ON

From the Ivy League to the West Coast, running backs are grabbing both ball and spotlight away from their quarterbacks, piling up so much yardage—even mileage—that pro scouts are drooling **by DAN JENKINS**



It is not as though college football has been struggling along without the hip-feint and the stiff-arm, or the dipry-doodle and the pad-thump, or all of the things that have helped to make the game so colorful for readers, writers, broadcasters, publicity men, pro scouts and manufacturers of the hyphen. The running star, that classic hero of football, has always been around, leaping through the air and gritting his teeth in 8-by-10 glossies, even when a proficient passer was busy winning the Heisman Trophy and the Homecoming Queen. It is simply that today, right now, the runners are sidestepping and line-wrecking as never before in all kinds of multiplying sizes and speeds. A runner goes 100 yards now—even 200 or more—like he goes to the pencil sharpener. These bounding, barging demons range from the strong, durable Ed Marinaro of Cornell (see cover) to the swift, rubbery Greg Pruitt of Oklahoma, from Oregon's fluid Bobby Moore to Alabama's Johnny Musso, from the mountains to the prairies to the oceans white with foam. God bless the running backs, not to mention their stars.

The trend toward more running began in 1968, while no one was paying much attention. That year saw the birth of the Wishbone at Texas, which along with the two-year-old Veer T at Houston offered coaches a couple of ground-eating attacks, both utilizing a deceptive fast-striking weapon called the triple option. That was also the season when everybody decided that artificial turf was a necessity. And finally it was the season when O. J. Simpson and Steve Owens and Mercury Morris proved that a run-

continued

Johnny Musso (left) gives Alabama a pain even if he must crawl, while Oregon's Bobby Moore has the moves of namesake Larry.



ner, a good one, could be overworked and still excel.

The three new factors have created the following: ground attacks on occasional faster footing, with top runners getting their hands on the ball more frequently. Result: see how they run.

Last week the National Collegiate Sports Services reported that 1971 would produce the biggest one-season swing to rushing since 1953, which was the year that the rules makers took the game back to the "ironman" days—the year they threw out platoon, or free substitution, for a decade. Moreover, the NCAA statistical bureau has noted, rushers are churning out 57.9% of all total-offense yardage, compared to 53.5% last year. That is a big jump, one that results from more and more teams going to some form of the triple option, whether Wishbone, Veer or Power I.

When coaches took the time to dwell on the results of 1968, there was a sub-way rush to the triple option and a mass decision to give their best guy the ball more often. Not only had the option teams heaped up some staggering yardage, the endurance runners had over-

whelmed the throwers. This was the season when four players, led by the record-smothering Simpson, gained more than 1,500 yards, and 16 men in all gained more than a thousand—a record by several stiff-arms.

There was a slight dropoff in 1969 when only 12 men joined the Thousand-Yard Club, largely because some singular talents like O.J. were gone. But then came last year and another record torrent of 19 rushers over a thousand yards, option-style football and the speedy turf became even more entrenched.

All of which brings the game up to the current season and a condition which strongly indicates that either there are more nifty runners around than the pro scouts and college coaches can comprehend, or that the option attack ought to be outlawed.

The season slipped past the halfway point last Saturday, and it appears that, barring injuries, as many as 25 runners have a very real chance to gain over a thousand yards, and one man, the flying Greg Pruitt, has a chance to become the first player to get a phenomenal 2,000 yards in one season. On 19 occasions a runner has gained more than 200 yards in a single game, and Marinaro, the big senior, and Pruitt, the sleek junior, have done it three times each. Other seniors and juniors have done it: even sophomores. And also some strangers, such as Kerry Marbury of West Virginia who sped for 291 last Saturday. By comparison, Deak Walker never gained 200 yards in a college game, nor did Jim Brown. As Pruitt told Steve Owens, who won the Heisman at Oklahoma in 1969, "Hey, man, with that old four-yard average you had, you'd have to play defense now."

Marinaro and Pruitt, both of whom are already over a thousand yards now, are about as different as two runners can be. But in their battle for the rushing title they are showing there are all kinds of ways to move the first-down chain. Marinaro is carrying the ball about 35 times a game; Pruitt about 15. Last Saturday against Yale, Marinaro slammed off tackle 43 times and got 230 yards, sliding and diving for most of it himself. Meanwhile, Pruitt, with more help, blazed for 294 yards on only 19 carries as Oklahoma's Wishbone put some more basketball totals (75-28) on the boards. So while Pruitt is proving that he can get there quicker, Marinaro



Michigan's Taylor has beautiful balance.

is proving that he can take the licks.

Marinaro, in fact, has been proving it for three seasons. On his first or second carry this week against Columbia, he should break Steve Owens' NCAA career record of 3,867 yards and then go on to become the first major-college player to gain 4,000 yards in a career.

"You can knock the Ivies," says a pro scout, "but that is a lot of yards even in dummy scrimmage."

If Greg Pruitt were a senior—and draftable—he would probably have the scouts jumping through as many hoops as Marinaro does, just on the basis of what he has done in six games against some rugged opposition. What has he done? Oh, well, just 1,113 yards at a feeble 12.1 yards per carry. His present average per game is 185.5 yards, and the computer allows that if he maintains it he will finish the year with—ye gods—2,040 yards!

"And he isn't just running wide stuff," says a scout, who with all the other talent hunters these days prefers to remain anonymous. "He hits inside. You'd want him bigger, but he's put together solid, has fantastic acceleration and he blocks like a bowling ball."

For all of the excitement created by Pruitt and Marinaro, there are seeds of other runners displaying fine potential. A panel of NFC and AFC scouts was asked last week to rate the top five rushers. First, in terms of draftables and then in terms of potentials, regardless of their graduating class.

The senior list came out as follows:

Oklahoma's Pruitt is headed for 2,000 yards.





Nebraska's Kinney has the Gifford style.

First, Ed Marinaro, and closely behind Bobby Moore, Texas' Jim Bertelsen, Penn State's Lydell Mitchell and Johnny Musso. The overall list differed slightly: Marinaro, Moore, Purdue's Otis Armstrong, a junior, Pruitt and Arizona State's Woodrow Green—who is, alas, a sophomore. "Obviously, we lean toward size," said a scout. "but how can you leave out Pruitt?"

Among the more prominent seniors mentioned by the scouts were Nebraska's Jeff Kinney, Michigan's Billy Taylor, Penn State's Franco Harris, Boston College's Bill Thomas, Dayton's Gary Kossins and the usual super unknown, Calvin Harrell of Arkansas State.

"It's always a guess," said a scout. "Dallas found Duane Thomas and Baltimore took a chance on Norm Bulaich, who had always been hurt. Maybe Calvin Harrell is this crop's real surprise. He is big and fast, he runs and blocks. They say Kinney is slow, but he is a competitor and a winner. Taylor is squat and not all that fast but he finds daylight. Thomas has been hurt but he is a good one. Everybody used to like Franco Harris better than Lydell Mitchell. But now they like Mitchell better, probably on his stats."

Worry. Worry. As the scouts question the talent as well as themselves, here are some of their compressed comments on those rushers deemed the most likely to become the future Duane Thomases and Norm Bulaiches:

Ed Marinaro (6' 2", 210):

"A natural runner who breaks tackles

and doesn't tire out. Steve Owens type. Runs straight up, follows blockers well. Good balance. Disappointing speed but you know he'll line up 14 games for you."

Bobby Moore (6' 2", 212):

"Real breakaway threat with good size. Can be an exciting type like Lenny Moore. Excellent speed, good moves, soft hands. An individualist but worth the risk."

Jim Bertelsen (5' 11", 198):

"Outstanding balance and deceptive burst of speed. Durable. Great character, fine blocker and unexploited skills as a receiver. Goes 4.5 in the 40."

Johnny Musso (5' 11", 196):

"A complete football player. Fine second-effort runner. Lacks size and does not make up for it with speed but a winner and a goal-line runner. Can't overlook."

Otis Armstrong (5' 11", 190):

"Highly coachable and a potential Gale Sayers. Dedicated. Exceptional speed and moves. Can run for the distance as well as catch. Next year's sensation with help from his team."

Greg Pruitt (5' 9", 180):

"Fastest starter and best gearshift in the country. Too small for running back

in the old-fashioned sense but a game-breaker deluxe if you can get the ball to him. Might be tremendous receiver."

Jeff Kinney (6' 2", 210):

"If he had real speed, it would be unfair. Runs and catches. Fine athlete who could play quarterback if he had to. Won't burn it up in the open field but is the Hornung-Gifford type who'll beat you one way or another."

Billy Taylor (5' 11", 200):

"Flashy and hard to knock down because of his build. Not all that fast but he runs under people. Good moves and terrific balance. A question about durability and ability to catch."

Calvin Harrell (6' 1", 222):

"Might be the best blocker in college today. A Dave Osborn type, durable, just a big old strong kid. Could use more speed, but powerful inside. A leader and hard worker. He'll knock you down."

Lydell Mitchell (6', 200) and Franco Harris (6' 2", 225):

"Maybe the best tandem in the East since Davis and Blanchard. Mitchell has quick feet and strong legs. He's a hundred-percenter and a game-breaker. Harris is the fastest of the big men. Has the physique and combined power and speed to be unbelievable. Both can block and catch as well as run."

Woodrow Green (6' 1", 190):

"Super soph. Second in the WAC 100-yard dash last spring. Has everything, speed, size and moves. Epitome of the all-around back in terms of speed for the outside and hitting ability for the inside. By his senior year, he could be the most wanted of all time."

Or perhaps since Marinaro and Pruitt. That pair seems to be competing this year for more than the rushing title, for they are turning the Heisman Trophy derby into a two-man sprint with their continuously bewildering stats.

It is no secret that Marinaro, far more than the newly prominent Pruitt, is thinking Heisman. "Sure, I'd like to win it," he says. "But I feel like I have to keep gaining 200 yards a game while everybody else drops down to 100."

Until at least a few runners do that—drop off and give the statisticians a rest—or until these stars move into the NFL, the biggest question of 1971 will apparently have to go unanswered. Are the runners really this good, or is it a combination of the system and the circumstance?

It could, of course, be both. **END**

Arkansas State's Harrell is the big sleeper.



A BACK DOOR INTO THE BIG TIME

Entering the game with hardship and dropout dispensations, a few rookies are staging a new version of how to succeed at pro basketball without the help of an alma mater: play now and study later

by PETER CARRY

Young Doctor Julius Winfield Erving Jr. began practicing in Virginia a mere two weeks ago, but the folks down in the Commonwealth are already mightily impressed. "The Doctor is operating again tonight," Richmond citizens will say with undisguised admiration. Or, "The Doctor reached deep into his bag for that one," say his new fans from Tidewater when another of his specially blended shots gives them the lift they need. In fact, Doctor J., as his closest associates call him, has handled his first few cases so ably that it is hard to believe he is only 21 and largely untrained. He skipped the internship usually required in his profession and, even more unusual, has yet to fulfill the prerequisites for a bachelor's degree.

State laws being what they are, the Doctor cannot legally practice, but that has not prevented him from making Virginians feel good. Erving plays forward for the ABA Squires with the deft touch of a surgeon, the detachment of a psychiatrist and the diverse skills of a GP. His huge, strong hands enable him to palm rebounds, passes and dunks with an ease previously displayed only by Connie Hawkins among noncenters. He is a high, hanging leaper and a fast ball handler who might play guard—except that his rebounding, particularly on offense, is too valuable to allow him to move from the frontcourt. And perhaps the best—or the most—is yet to come, for Doctor J. is a mere stripling of 6' 6" who matter-of-factly explains that he will be 6' 8" when he finally grows up, a scary prospect indeed for opponents who have already received his treatment: an average of 23 points and 17 rebounds in his last five pro games.

Erving's bogus M.D. is a nickname from his days at the University of Massachusetts. Unfortunately for New Englanders his time there was far shorter than expected. Erving bypassed his final season of college eligibility to join the pros, and he now represents the best of an increasing number of undergrads—



Starring as a Virginia Squire, Julius Erving is now a full-time pro and part-time student.

variously termed dropouts or hardship cases—who have done the same. Up in Cincinnati, for example, Utah State dropout Nate Williams has dropped in, which is certainly more of hardship for his former college than it is for Royal rooters.

There is even a new drafting procedure for financially pressed college players who join the NBA or ABA without fulfilling the usual requirement that they be four years out of high school. And the NBA has a system to investigate such cases; it carefully checks the applicant's claims, although it has never publicly spelled out its criteria for deciding whether or not a player is a hardship case. Neither league has disclosed how many applications, if any, have been rejected. Six players have qualified for the unique NBA draft, and 11 others were approved under the ABA's similar, "special circumstance" waiver procedure.

Most of the qualified players were then selected in separate September drafts, and Cincinnati got the NBA's first pick—Williams. His situation was typical of the young draftees. "I was married and had a little boy," he says. "We were living off \$93 a month, which is what the NCAA allows, and I was in considerable debt around the community from my sophomore and junior years."

His case was declared to be legitimate and Williams was immediately renamed Nate Hardship after rolling into Cincinnati with a broad smile on his face, a three-quarter length leather coat draped over his shoulders and the gas pedal of a sleek, year-old Ford Thunderbird under his foot. "I got the car from a bank," explained Williams, blithe and balding though only 21. "A friend signed for me. I got it on a deferred payment basis. If I hadn't gotten a pro contract, the guy who signed would have been up a tree. He would have had to make the payments. It was a loan, not a gift. I have to pay for it with my own money." Williams' buddy back in Utah presumably has climbed down from that tree since Hardship signed a contract for a reported \$75,000.

Two other hardship cases who are already proving themselves in the pros are former California Guard Phil Chenier, who started and scored 17 and 29 points in two games last week for Baltimore, and Atlanta's Tom Payne, the ex-University of Kentucky sophomore center. Hawks' Coach Richie Guerin predicts



Cincinnati fans took one look at the Thunderbird and changed Nate Williams' name.

that Payne will be a top pivotman.

College coaches, understandably distressed as the pros make off with their would-be All-Americans, argue that the leagues are luring players away from completing their education. But the first and most famous undergraduate signer, Spencer Haywood, resents being called a "dropout" simply because he quit college to turn pro two years ago. "Did you know that 87% of the pro players today don't have a degree?" he says of the college system that often features four years of playing but not necessarily four years of learning. "Besides, I'm going to school in the off season."

Most of the other dropouts also assert that they intend to win their degrees. Erving, who returned to the U. of Mass. last summer to continue as a marketing major, even has a special incentive written into his contract: when he receives his diploma the Squires will pay him a \$10,000 bonus. The same incentive reward awaits Indiana's exceptional rookie, George McGinnis, except that he claims it will be more money.

It is something of a surprise that Erving, who with McGinnis turned pro during last year's NBA-ABA war, was signed at all. It is doubtful that he could

have qualified as a bona-fide "hardship" case, and, since his brief, brilliant career at college had gone almost unnoticed outside New England, he was not considered heavy artillery in the bidding battle. Erving first was offered to the New York Nets, based in his birthplace, Hempstead, N.Y. But Nets Coach-General Manager Lou Carnesecca turned down the deal, even though he knew Erving possessed extraordinary talent. "It was not a moral issue, it was a business issue," Carnesecca says. "I thought if we kept raiding the colleges we'd lose the free farm system they provide us. But if the same situation occurred again—I'd sign him." Erving's agents next turned to Virginia, and that did it.

"When I went to college, my priorities were school first, basketball second and other stuff third," Erving says. "But, imperceptibly, they shifted. So, when I was confronted with the signing situation, I had to admit to myself that basketball meant more. When they asked me what I wanted and made an offer, I signed right away. Well, I called home first to make sure it was O.K."

It was indeed O.K. for basketball fans in Virginia. The Doctor could be their cure-all.

END

THIS POLISH JOKE IS ON THE BROWNS

Denver shut out Cleveland, a victory due in part to a home-cooked Polish meal polished off by the Broncos' defensive line by **TEX MAULE**

Atribute the Denver Broncos' shocking 27-0 upset of the Cleveland Browns to a steaming platter of rancor, frustration and kielbassa. The Broncos, who had won only one game prior to last weekend, also defeated the Browns because they played better football. Both their lines dominated the Browns', and their two fine running backs, Floyd Little and Bob Anderson, ran so far through holes so big that the Cleveland defense will sink down in its seats when the moves are shown.

Don Horn, the young quarterback acquired by Denver from Green Bay, was

given almost faultless protection by a Bronco line that supposedly had been weakened after losing Center Larry Kaminski and Guard Sam Brunelli to injuries. Kaminski, though, still contributed to the Denver cause. Hobbling happily about the dressing room with one leg in a cast, he stopped long enough to furnish an explanation for the astonishing prowess of the Bronco defense. Kaminski, it must be noted, is Polish, and his family lives in Cleveland.

"Last night I took the line and Fred Forsberg, the middle linebacker, home for some good Polish cooking," he said.

"We had kielbassa [a Polish sausage], stuffed cabbage and city chicken, and they loved it. I guess it gave them a little more energy today, too." City chicken, for those unfamiliar with Polish cooking, is not chicken at all but veal and pork chunks on a stick, breaded and roasted so it looks like a drumstick.

More fuel was added to the Bronco cause by Art Modell, the Browns' owner. Long ago, during the merger negotiations between the two teams, Modell memorably said, "I don't ever want to see the Denver Broncos play in my stadium." Moreover, in 1967, after both Cleveland and Denver had drafted Notre Dame Defensive Lineman Pete Duranko, Modell told him that he would regret it if he signed with Denver, since it was doubtful that the franchise would last. Before the game Duranko, who was injured earlier this season, reminded his teammates of Modell's words.

"We talked about the things he had said," one Bronco noted after the game. "It was no real big thing, but everything helps, doesn't it?"



The Denver frustration had come from a maddening series of injuries and from the equally maddening treatment the club was getting from the Denver fans. "The bench in Denver is pretty close to the stands," Kaminski said. "You can't believe the things they call us and the things they throw at us. I do some public relations work for the club, and I would try to tell people that it was because of injuries, but they didn't pay any attention. One guy listened to me, then he said, 'If I pay \$50 for a bottle of milk, I expect a good bottle of milk. And when I pay \$7.50 for a football ticket, I expect a good football game.'"

When the game got to the field, the Broncos relied mainly upon a few simple running plays to beat the Browns. During the first half, which they entirely dominated, they marched 92 yards to their first touchdown using traps and an off-tackle play called 46 or 47, depending upon which side of the line it is directed at. It worked equally well on both sides. The march lasted 10 minutes from the opening kick-off and consisted of 15 plays, only two of them passes.

The touchdown came on the second of these, a fine call on third down at the Browns' seven-yard line by Lou Saban, the former Cleveland player who now coaches Denver. By the time the Broncos had reached the seven, the Brown defense had become so wary of the run that almost the entire team took the faint of the run, leaving only one man to try to handle Tight End Billy Masters, who caught the ball in the corner of the end zone.

That drive set the tone for the game, especially when it became apparent that the Denver defense was going to be as tough as the offense. An 11-play, 67-yard march made it 14-0 midway through the second quarter, with Bob Anderson smashing the last six yards through the crumbling Cleveland line.

Forsberg, fortified by city chicken and kielbassa, accounted for the third Denver touchdown two plays later. Drifting back into zone coverage, he picked off a Bill Nelsen pass intended for Tight End Milt Morin and returned it 40 yards for the score. The unfortunate Nelsen fumbled as soon as the Browns got the ball back, and Denver's Dave Costa re-

covered on the Cleveland 13. This time the Broncos settled for a field goal just as the half ended.

It would be hard to imagine a more one-sided half. Denver gained 234 yards, Cleveland 21, with only one yard rushing compared to Denver's 159. The harried Nelsen completed only two passes and was twice dumped for losses while attempting to pass.

It is to the credit of the Browns that the club made the second half respectable, holding Denver to one field goal. The offense did not do that much more, but the defense limited Denver to half the yardage it had gained in the first two periods.

The loss did not cost Cleveland first place in its division and, for that matter, it is unlikely to cost the club the division title. The Browns are still a game in front, and are a much better team than they appeared to be on this wet and miserable afternoon.

"I think they took us too lightly," one Denver veteran said. "You could tell when we were warning up that they figured us to be nothings. I don't think they'll figure us that way anymore."

Even with this loss the Browns have had a surprisingly successful season, due in large measure to having assumed the personality of their new head coach, Nick Skorich, who succeeded the mild-mannered Blanton Collier this year. Skorich is hard-bitten, with the blocky battered face of a man who once played guard in the single wing, which he did under Jock Sutherland on the Pittsburgh Steelers in the late '40s and early '50s. Skorich had been an assistant to Collier for seven years before taking charge—four years as the defensive coach and three in charge of the offense. But when Collier retired, Skorich immediately set about casting the club in his sterner, more aggressive mold.

"Football is a physical game," he explained last week. "I resented the fact that people did not consider the Browns a physical team. So we started even before training camp to make this a tougher club. I sent the players running and strength programs to follow before they came to camp, and then, during camp, we had more contact than we have had in previous years. If you're going to hit in a game, you have to hit in practice, and that's what we do. We even have physical contact during the week after the season starts. I also believe in scrim-

aging the best against the best," Skorich went on. "I mean, our No. 1 offensive unit against the No. 1 defense. They learn from each other. So far, it seems to be working. At least we're a lot more physical and we haven't backed off against any team we have played, as we sometimes did in the past."

The players have taken to Skorich's ways. He is a strict man but a fair one. When the club came on the field the morning before the Denver game for a 45-minute drill on special teams, the captains, Linebacker Jim Houston and Running Back Leroy Kelly, ran their warm-up lap clockwise, but the rest of the club, as a put-on, went in the other direction. When they finished, Skorich smiled and said, "That lap was on you. Now take another the right way." There was no grumbling as they dutifully trotted off.

Skorich has the team do a series of 40-yard wind sprints after every practice, except on Saturday. "We do it when they're tired to teach them discipline and give them the ability to go hard at the end of a tough game, when they will also be tired," he said. "We aren't letting down late in the game now."

Indeed, the only weak fourth period the Browns have had this season was against the Oakland Raiders, when they gave up 24 points in the first of their two losses.

Aside from more aggression and more endurance, Skorich attributes the Browns' 4-and-2 record to the continuing good health of Nelsen, the rapid development of the defensive line and the additional speed in the defensive backfield provided by Cornerbacks Ben Davis and Clarence Scott, who was the No. 1 draft choice this year.

Nelsen, a cocky, positive man whose career has been interrupted by knee operations more often than Joe Namath's, is a master at reading defenses and calling the appropriate audible. "He's also good at completing our pattern passes," Skorich said. "He gets the ball to the right man at the right time, just when the defense gives him the opening."

He completed only six passes against Denver, but it was not a typical performance. At any rate, Skorich now has a secret weapon. He is of Eastern European descent, too, and it should not be hard for him to get the recipe for city chicken, stuffed cabbage and kielbassa, although it's doubtful he'll get it from Kaminski's parents. **END**

*Lyle Alzado's tackle of Leroy Kelly typifies
Bronco defense which held Browns to 60 yards.*

MUD FLIES ALL OVER THE TRACK

Racing cringes before a new scandal as horse and pro football owner Ralph Wilson and two trainers are suspended for dealings with a shadowy figure. But NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle sees no wrong by **ROBERT H. BOYLE**

Ralph C. Wilson Jr., multimillionaire businessman and owner of a thoroughbred racing stable and pro football's Buffalo Bills, picked uneasily at his lunch one day last week in a Manhattan hotel. "This is the most distressing week I've ever had," he said. "I never believed a thing like this could happen. I would give away everything I have to charity and go to work for \$50 a week to clear my name in this thing. I can't live under this cloak of suspicion."

The cloak over Wilson was his 30-day suspension by the New York State Racing Commission for his dealings with

Long Island's new Great Gatsby, Ralph Libutti, alias Bob Presti, alias several other names, a *no-doubt* horse broker deemed by racing authorities an undesirable who recently surrendered to the FBI on a charge of unlawful flight to avoid prosecution for issuing a check without sufficient funds. Also suspended for 30 days for fraudulent dealings with Presti (to use the name he now employs) are two well-known trainers, John Campo and George Poole. The commission also charged Poole, who trains for C.V. Whitney, with placing bets for Presti. Another owner, Frank J. Caldwell, was told to show cause why his license should not be revoked. Along with Wilson and Presti, Caldwell owned a piece of the horse Jim French, a pre-race favorite for this year's Kentucky Derby.

Many horsemen regard the 30-day suspensions as outrageously lenient, and no one agreed more than Wilson, who said that if the charges against him were true "They should throw me out of racing for life." Admitting to what he called "two careless mistakes," Wilson maintained he was innocent of attempted fraud, and he spent most of last week sequestered at the Regency Hotel. Occasionally he left the hotel to undergo questioning by NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle. Curiously, the NFL was originally loath to investigate Wilson's dealings with Presti, who is known to have a number of mob associates. Twice in early September agents of the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau asked the NFL to contact them about the case, but no one from Rozelle's office ever did. Only last week, after Wilson's suspension, did the NFL show signs of interest, and at week's end Rozelle absolved Wilson of any "conduct detrimental to football" following a voluntary, two-hour polygraph test.

The Presti case goes far beyond Ralph Wilson, whose proclaimed naivete is somewhat difficult for many to accept. It is not only unsettling for football, it

could develop into a scandal that would force the overhaul of the New York State Racing Commission, a body widely regarded as timid and inept.

Innumerable horsemen have been involved with the mysterious Presti, a law-abiding host who, in the words of one trainer, "splashed vintage wine around like it was Coca-Cola," either in his \$100,000 house in Muttontown or in the Villa Pierre restaurant in Glen Cove. Names keep popping up, and racetrackers are running scared. Jack Price, who owns the Dorchester Equine Preparatory School in Ocala, Fla., hemmed and hawed when asked about Presti and said he would have to check his records. Later Price's secretary said those records disclosed no mention of Presti. It was not until an old friend of Price's called him that he admitted he had been caring for three of Presti's horses—horses purchased by Campo for Caldwell at the exclusive Keeneland summer sales.

Presti himself is anything but a fugitive in hiding. In the course of a series of telephone calls to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, he vowed, "I'm going to blow the lid off racing, and that includes 16 members of the Jockey Club. [Racing] is as phony as a Walt Disney production." Denying membership in the Mafia ("Don't make me look like no banana," he warned), Presti made light of his arrest by the FBI. The charge, he claimed, is "phony," and he said he was released in his own recognizance. And he dismissed several past arrests in New Jersey and California as "ridiculous, ludicrous," stating he had never been convicted or spent a day in jail. Referring to a 1954 case in Union City, N.J., where he was pushed for conspiracy to commit robbery, Presti said, "All it was was a card game that resulted in fistcuffs. This guy said I was trying to rob him. He lived next door. Would I rob a guy who lives next door?"

For "business reasons" and "because I look like a Presti," he uses this name



Ralph Wilson was set down for 30 days.

in racing, where he has been a dealer in horses for the past three years. "I don't like racing," Presti said. "Racing is a sucker's game. You can only make money buying and selling." He is not licensed by the racing commission to own racehorses, and sees no reason to obtain such a license. (According to the TRPB, Presti, as Nicholas Spadea, another alias, was refused an owner's license in 1968 and has been barred from state tracks since then.) Oddly enough, Presti probably would not have come to public attention had it not been for the success of Jim French, which he bought from Wilson last year.

Wilson and Presti began dealing in the spring of 1970. "I had never met this man," Wilson said. "He called me and mentioned some important names in racing." Presti purchased several horses from Wilson, who made out bills of sale to Toni Menzella, Presti's niece, and George Poole, the trainer. "A horse could run only if somebody had a license," Wilson said. "And I figured the commission or racing authorities would check it out." Wilson was wrong, and as a result of these sales the commission charged him with assisting Presti, "an unlicensed person, in concealing his ownership." In Wilson's sale—and partial repurchase of Jim French after the horse began winning—the commission accused him of concealing a partnership with Presti and Caldwell. "I admit to a careless mistake," Wilson said. "I should have filed a partnership agreement. Not having had partners in horses, I didn't know about this." Wilson said the commission was incorrect in stating he dealt with Caldwell in the sale and partial repurchase of Jim French. "I dealt only with Presti," said Wilson.

Wilson had been Presti's dinner guest in Muttontown and at the Villa Pierre, but claimed he was no social friend. Once Wilson spent the night at Presti's because "he lived way out on Long Island." "Once, huh?" Presti scoffed. "He spent the night here three times, but I guess three times would make us friends. I was very close to Ralph Wilson. Every day for a year he called me three times a day, sometimes at 2 a.m."

Other guests of Presti included Poole ("greatest guy I've ever met at a racetrack," said Presti), Campo ("he broke bread with my family and was better than a friend," but Campo denied even knowing Presti to the TRPB); Frank Wright,

who formerly trained for Wilson ("a very dear friend"), and Dr. Mark (Mike) Gerard, a veterinarian ("he stayed at my house for a whole week—would you call that friends?") Dr. Gerard termed himself only an acquaintance, adding, "A lot of people were friendly [with Presti], including Jockey Club members."

At home in Muttontown, Presti was a most entertaining host. A guest recalled that Presti began an evening's chitchat by offhandedly recounting how he had once hidden \$25,000 in cash in the oven unbeknownst to his wife, who then proceeded to bake a cake while the 25 grand went up in smoke. Asked about the incident, Presti denied it. He explained that people might have confused it with the week he went around with \$25,000 in a briefcase "in case I had to make bond money." But Presti is known for carrying tidy sums about with him. On other occasions, Presti would rail against trainers and vets who were trying to get from him under-the-table commissions on horse deals. For the most part, however, dinners at Muttontown and the Villa Pierre were festive. At the latter, a Miss Donna Hillman looked after the favors for guests. Presti said Miss Hillman had served as his secretary. She is now a licensed apprentice jockey.

Not everyone remains friends. Presti allowed that he no longer speaks to Campo, who acted as one of his secret agents in claiming and buying horses, because Campo believed a "kid named Carmine" who told Campo "I had a \$5,000 contract out to kill Campo." More in sorrow than anger, Presti added, "The fact that Campo believed Carmine made him very small to me. Now if anyone knocks Campo off, I did it." Last Wednesday afternoon, apparently unconcerned about either getting bumped off or the rules of his suspension, Campo was seen at his barn at Belmont Park.

As Presti saw it, his downfall was caused because he is not "high society—we're not Paul Mellon." He claimed he was only doing what comes naturally in racing. "Sixty percent of the stake horses running are pieceed off and got unlicensed partners in them," he said. "For monetary reasons. Not that they couldn't get a license if they wanted to. Take a guy like Bill Levin [owner of Bold Reason]. He spent \$2 million on horses and put them under the name of Sarah Hall. But he never had a big horse like I did

[Jim French], that attracted attention. Then he found her fooling around and he put the horses in his own name just like that. Nobody questioned how he got the horses. The TRPB couldn't track an elephant in the snow." Presti says he now owns two horses, a 2-year-old filly appropriately named Hest and a younger full brother to Jim French.

As Presti sees it, the TRPB has harassed him. He said that five minutes before Angel Cordero was to ride Jim French in the Belmont, TRPB agents made Cordero strip while they searched him for electric batteries and buzzers. "They even followed him to the bathroom," Presti went on, "and we lose by one-fifth of a second because Cordero is so upset he's watching Canonero and



Ralph Liabuti was arrested as a disorderly person in 1966, but the case was not prosecuted.

doesn't realize that Canonero is dead. When the race is over, Cordero holds up his arms as if to show the TRPB. "See, I haven't got any batteries!"

Improbable as it may seem, Presti plans to call a press conference and announce a \$2 million "suitcase," his word for lawsuit, against the NYRA and the TRPB for defamation of character. Not so improbable is the prospect of a thorough investigation of the Presti matter by the racing commission. Unfortunately for the betting public, concerned horsemen and the sport itself, the politically appointed commission has not in recent years been close enough to racing to know what is going on. **END**

Sam Posey's Jackie Stewart dream occurs over and over again and it is always the same. "The dream is in very bright color," says Posey. "He is driving his light blue Matra over on the right and I'm on the left, but I don't know what I'm driving. We are on a race-track, not a specific one, and on both sides are fields filled with yellow flowers. We race and race and neither edges ahead of the other. The track gets more and more difficult and we both sink lower into our cockpits. And when I look over at him and he looks back at me, we are both very tired and we each despair of ever gaining any advantage on the other or of ever doing all the turns quite properly.

"It just gets more and more exhausting until finally I wake up and I'm absolutely drained.

"Actually, it's rather symbolic, because the problem of just driving your car as fast as you can, and then the problem of beating an opponent are the two struggles that are always present in motor racing."

When Sam Posey holds court, right hand on hip and left foot turned out, his cream-white driving suit looking for all the world like a Joshua Reynolds painting of some forgotten 18th century lord, and speaks in that peculiar manner known as New England Lockjaw, one cannot but hope that some day Posey will realize his lifetime ambition and win the world driving championship. If he does not, that will deprive the world of one super interview.

The fact that Posey wants so desperately to win the most important title in motor sports is not unusual, but his willingness to articulate his goals at the first sight of a ballpoint, as well as verbalize about all other aspects of his racing, is. Most drivers tend to give voice to such aspirations only in the dark privacy of their own minds, if at all. Even to dream of racing with Stewart brings shivers to the spine; to talk openly about following in the footsteps of Fangio, Clark and all the rest is simply not done.

Except Sam Posey does it, and has done it right from the beginning. Thus, plus the fact that he is a moderately wealthy young man, has given him, as they say in other industries, a high profile and a reputation somewhat beyond

Sam Posey is not the best racing driver on earth, but he has the loftiest dreams—about which he speaks at the click of a ballpoint

'NOW, WHEN I AM WORLD CHAMPION...'

by KIM CHAPIN

what his accomplishments on the race-track might otherwise warrant. It has caused a certain amount of resentment among his peers, who sometimes feel that he exaggerates his talents and who consider his frequent monologues perhaps the sign of an inflated ego.

Occasionally in the past this worried Posey, but never for long. "I always felt justified," he says, "because I felt with such certainty that I would become a top driver. Just for once people would be getting in on the development of a driver instead of cashing in only after the driver's ability became obvious to everybody."

One strange side effect of all this is to make it seem that Posey has been around forever. He only began racing in 1965, shortly before his 21st birthday, and during that season and the following five he moved erratically through the various classifications—from Formula Vs to Formula Juniors to Formula A machines only slightly less sophisticated than the Formula I cars themselves, and from small-displacement sports cars to the five-liter Trans-American Pony cars to the unlimited-displacement Group Seven monsters of the Canadian-American Challenge Cup Series and the now-disbanded U.S. Road Racing Circuit. There were even forays with Indianapolis-type cars, both on oval tracks and on road courses.

He won occasionally—a Trans-Am in '69, two Formula As in '69 and one in '71, and several sports car events—but though he always seemed to run well and interestingly, he really did nothing to make people stand up and take notice. However, if he has not yet achieved that sudden leap to greatness (one thinks of Mario Andretti at Indianapolis in 1965 or Jochen Rindt in Europe in 1970, the

year of his championship and death), his career has at least been proceeding apace. At 27 he can be safely placed among the top two dozen active road racers in the world, which is not bad company, and it is quite possible that before he is through he will join the handful of Americans—Phil Hill, Dan Gurney, Mario Andretti and, back in 1921, Jimmy Murphy—ever to win a Grand Prix. Only Hill, of course, has won the world championship.

Posey has made his most lasting impression in the long-distance events of the Manufacturers' Cup Series, mostly with Ferraris of Luigi Chinetti's North American Racing Team, a Connecticut operation once removed from the main Ferrari factory effort in Modena. In races such as Daytona, Sebring and Le Mans, where the physical and mental attrition of the drivers is nearly as great as the mechanical attrition of the cars, it quickly became apparent that Posey could not only give his cars a solid ride, but was that rare driver who could actually add personality to a sway bar or describe an "incident" in such a way that you almost wanted to experience the carnage yourself.

For example, at Le Mans in 1969 Posey co-drove a Chinetti Ferrari that Masten Gregory and Jochen Rindt had driven to victory four years earlier. "It was an antique *thru*," says Posey. "In the middle of the night after I had just taken over from my co-driver, Teodoro Zecchi of Milan, I arrived at the kink near the end of the Mulsanne Straight and all of a sudden everything I could see was pink, like pink cotton candy. What happened was that a car four or five hundred yards ahead of me had gone around the kink and crashed in the fog, and the explosion had permeated the



log had gone all through it. It was the dauntiest effect. Anyway, I came around the corner and couldn't see where anyone was, stood on the brakes as hard as possible, got the car stopped and realized, "Oh my God, now I'm gonna be hit from behind." Ha ha. I jumped out of the car and over the guardrail and went off into the woods a bit and noticed that the driver, Udo Schutz, was wandering around in the woods, burned slightly and in shock. Schutz' car had split open in the crash and he had rolled and bounced down the road for some time after the accident. I could see that

the course workers were very bravely running into the middle of the track to grapple with the burning car in an effort to get to Schutz, who of course wasn't there. So I rushed Schutz over to the guardrail and shouted to the workers to show that he was all right. He survived that accident completely intact — and was killed a week later.

"I was in the midst of telling this story as dramatically as I possibly could at a cocktail party on one occasion when David Hobbs said, 'Well, I believe I can top that. Schutz was about 10 feet away from me when we went into the

turn. The entire crash developed in slow motion no more than 20 or 30 feet away from me, and for a while Schutz was bouncing down the road like a Ping-Pong ball about 15 feet off my left front fender.'"

The next Le Mans provided even more grist for Posey's imaginative mill, and was probably the most emotionally devastating 24 hours in his life. For the first time Posey learned that something on a racetrack could defeat him—passing in the rain at night.

"That's still working on me," he says. "I couldn't make those outside blind passes in the spray at 150 mph knowing the woods were there. I would have been so scared my arms would have seized up and I couldn't have turned the wheel. I have since rationalized part of the problem away, but if someone had said right then, 'All right, I'll pay you a million dollars to race with Vic Elford or Pedro Rodriguez, say, for the next lap,' I couldn't have done it. They were that much further than I was."

That particular race was used by Steve McQueen as the background for his movie, *Le Mans*, and to those critics (including Sain's girl friends) who thought there was too much blood in the film, Posey says there was not enough.

"I know how dangerous the situation was," he says. "At one point there were four fires burning around the track. In a car the windshield wipers are going, the windows are almost fogged up, the interior lights are blinking, you round a turn with the rain slanting down in front of your headlights—and here's this flaming wreck. You just see parts of the car—elements of the front wheel, the side of the car, the color of it, maybe—and since you only catch a glimpse it becomes a suggestion of horror. Then you're drifting out into the night again with only the lights stabbing in the dark."

"When I would finish my hour and get into the little trailer behind the pits I would break out into the proverbial cold sweat and be absolutely sure I was going to be killed the next time out in the car, that I just wasn't going to survive the race and that I was going to die absolutely alone. I was there without any relatives, without any friends who knew me closely. For the first 12 hours of the race I had made a great jour-

—CONRAD

ney mentally, but it seemed to take years and years, as though I were living some kind of other life and traveling miles and miles down some kind of endless journey to no end—that's from Eliot. And somehow the fact that no one was there to realize it or to understand what was going on just prior to the time I would be killed really upset me. It probably kept me alive."

At the end of the 1970 season Posey made the most important decision of his racing career. Five years earlier he had allied himself with Ray Caldwell, a Massachusetts native who became his friend, driving coach and car builder, and who had had a part in nearly every Posey racing venture. Now Posey decided that he and Caldwell had been a bad match from the start, mainly because the older man had been unable to instill in Posey the supreme self-confidence that every young driver needs.

According to Posey, Caldwell would come to him before a race and say, "I know we haven't got the best car and I know you're not the best driver. But I know you do want to win and that you're a hard trier, so do your best."

"He never questioned that I tried hard," says Posey, "but somehow nobody likes to be known just as a hard trier."

So they split. Caldwell's company eventually closed shop, and Posey signed to drive the 1971 Formula A circuit in a Surtees-Chevrolet prepared by Champ Carr, Inc., an amalgam of Doug Champ, an Oklahoma manufacturer, and Fred Carrillo, a Southern California racing-parts maker. For the first time in Posey's career, really, the burden of performance was entirely on his own shoulders.

In the eight races of the Formula A Continental championship, Posey won just once (David Hobbs won five events and the series title), but he qualified on the pole three times, in the front row for all eight, and always turned in a solid drive. He also won a United States Auto Club road race at Kent, Wash., and in general enjoyed the most substantial season of his career. So substantial, in fact, that he landed a sponsorship of around \$100,000 from Delta Tires of Los Angeles for the 1972 Formula A season, and an offer of a promising ride for the 1972 USAC Triple Crown events. In addition, by midseason there were strong rumors that he would

make his Formula I debut at the U.S. Grand Prix in either a car prepared by Ken Tyrrell, the genius behind Stewart's phenomenal success, or one from the Team Surtees shop.

The Surtees ride materialized, and although the car broke down after 15 laps Posey could say, "I am happy with the progress I've made in the first seven years."

Still, there are detractors. A close friend said, "He has these tremendous lapses of concentration, lapses that a driver at his stage should have eliminated. Mechanical failure is always a possibility, and the odds of getting hurt just because of that are bad enough, but when you add brain fade..."

Posey, however, looks forward to a full Grand Prix effort, if not by next year, then certainly by 1973 or '74. Whenever it happens, he'll be more than ready.

"It's like being admitted to the best school," Posey says. "I've gone to the Can-Am school and the Formula A school. In the Formula A school I'm a teacher. Hobbs is as good a driver as I am, but no better in any way, and I haven't been able to learn from him. I would like to go to the Formula I school and be a pupil again."

"Then every weekend I could race Stewart. Admittedly, I won't be wheel to wheel with him. I will be passed in practice and lapped in the race, but I will see his technique and I will learn from him. I would expect that I already do some things better than he does. My task would be to find out what I don't do as well and at least bring those things up to his level. Then I'll know I can race with him, and maybe beat him and have my turn at the top."

Given the strange financial structure of Grand Prix racing, in which all but the top half-dozen drivers buy their rides from constructors and then must scramble for sponsors or backers or turn to their own bankroll to defray the \$100,000 or so yearly tab, Posey could probably be a Grand Prix regular today. But that is not the way Posey wants to go.

"It's a question of honor and prestige," he says. "I want my entrance into Grand Prix racing to be pure. I want someone else to pay for all of it. They should."

It could be said of Sam Posey that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and a steering wheel in his hands. As far as Posey is concerned, the less said

about the silver spoon the better. One of Posey's grandfathers was for a time the general manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad; the other was a prominent businessman who many years ago turned down the chance to participate in the early development of a fledgling enterprise called International Business Machines. (Sam never knew his father, a Navy lieutenant during World War II, he was killed in a *Kamikaze* attack on the second morning of the Okinawa invasion while aboard a troop carrier. Several years later Sam's mother was remarried, to Dr. William Moore, a New York surgeon.)

As in the case of another American driver with access to wealth, Peter Revson of the Revlon family, Posey's money, while contributing to that high profile, has tended to detract from his reputation as a driver. This was especially true during the first four years of his career, when it was rumored that his racing ventures were being financed largely by a \$500,000 inheritance. The rumor was true.

"It was very much a two-sided thing," says Posey. "On the plus side was the obvious advantage of being able to buy the cars and hire the people I wanted. On the debit side was the fact that racing has a great many playboys and dilettantes, and it was very difficult to make people realize I wasn't in that category. In a sense I gave up a way of life, really, to go racing. I gave up the chance to vacation endlessly on beautiful beaches, buy neat cars, own a house and that sort of thing."

When he was 14, Posey's family took him on a trip to Europe. In the train station at Edinburgh he picked up a book called *Challenge Me the Race*, the biography of Mike Hawthorn, who was on the brink of his Grand Prix championship year. If there was a turning point in Posey's life, that was it. He says he read the book "300 million times" and he for sure became a full-fledged, teen-age racing historian; he compiled a motor sports library of some 300 volumes.

Much of his time before 1965 was spent fantasizing about how he would finally get behind the wheel. Having survived Buckley, a private grade school in New York City ("It took a really great teacher working very hard to bring anything out"), he prepped at The Gun- nery in Washington, Conn. because of



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its art department and for college chose the Rhode Island School of Design, from which he was graduated *cum laude*.

At 14, Posey weighed 250 pounds. Today he has slimmed down to an even 200, spread over a 6' 1" frame. He lives by himself in San Juan Capistrano, Calif., not far from the Summer White House, the Champ Carr shop and the Pacific. His five-room apartment is furnished with a stereo, a filing cabinet, a desk and a bed. Nothing else. In that setting he talked recently about his professional debut in 1965—after conversing for hours about everything else. Though six years have passed, that first race seems to summarize his entire career, past, present and future.

"Probably rarely in racing history has someone come into his first race with so much prior knowledge about motor sports, and with so much hope and anticipation," he said. "Right from the beginning I was thinking about and hoping about someday being world champion. My mother tells me that for three

or four hours prior to the race I was virtually out of my mind with some kind of shock from the tension building up. The tension was so great that when I started the race, although I was perfectly familiar with driving on that track when it was more or less empty, I suddenly noticed there were all these other cars all over the place, and I thought, 'God, this is difficult.' I kept thinking that through the first third of the first turn, then I noticed another car bobble and thought, 'Oh, but he's making a mistake. I can capitalize on that. This isn't so bad after all.' Between the first and second turn I thought, 'I believe I've got the measure of all these drivers. I wonder what class I should go into next?' Then we went around the upper part of the course and I was thinking about what I would write in my autobiography after I became world champion. Talk about race drivers having a compressed life, this was it.

"Down the front straight I was third. I had started fourth and passed one guy, but the two ahead of me seemed to get

away a little bit and a tinge of panic set in. 'I'd better get in the lead now,' I thought. 'Time to lead the race.' We went through the first two turns again and through the Esses, but they seemed to be still getting away and I thought, 'I've gotta do it.' So I just headed off across the grass. They were going around there, and I was going straight over here, across the grass. Incredible move.

"The car didn't crash, but it popped out of gear and bounced around so much that I wound up about 16th at the end of that lap. And then this incredible depression overtook me because I could see I wasn't going to win the race. After that I drove as steadily and as well as I could and wound up fourth, almost third. That was the first little piece of maturing."

The race was at Lime Rock, Conn. and Posey's car was a Formula V, an open-wheel racer powered by a 45-horsepower Volkswagen engine with a top speed of maybe 100 mph. Think what Sam will say in the year of his championship. **END**



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A PRIDE OF LIONS IN CATTLE

I t's the last step before you plunge headlong into cattle country, a Sinclair Lewis-type community with street after street of modest white frame houses shaded by ancient pecan and walnut trees.

Brownwood, Texas, with its tall church spires and Rebekah Lodge rummage sales and monthly 'rasslin' matches and a small college campus which has known neither violence nor nationwide notoriety, is but 16 miles removed from the geographical center of the state of Texas. There is a recently completed school for wayward girls, a Holiday Inn and, for those in search of night life, the Pizza Hut or Chisholm's Restaurant or one of the 7-11 Stores, where you can pick up a six-pack, or the lone downtown movie house, which the city's self-

appointed morality guardians recently took legal action against to prevent the showing of the Academy Award-winning film *Midnight Cowboy*.

Which is to say it is not unlike other Texas towns whose population is listed in the neighborhood of 17,000. God, country and motherhood are alive and well in Brownwood just as surely as the channel and bluecut bite early in the mornings down on the Pecan Bayou.

Also alive and very well indeed is high school football. The Brownwood High School Lions are the reigning Class AAA champions; 7,000 fans often jam themselves into 5,800-seat Lions Stadium on autumn Friday nights; half the town tries to book passage on the chartered bus that bank cashier Steve Mottlock drives to such destinations as Temple or Burkburn-

ett or Weatherford. Curfew at the Golden Age Rest Home is disregarded when Ken Schulze, radio station KBWD's Voice of the Lions, is doing the play by play. Downtown merchants decorate their windows in maroon and white and display their latest stock alongside a glossy photo or two of the town's teenage heroes, and if one sees a car which doesn't bear a bumper sticker proclaiming its driver a Lion Booster, the vehicle just has to be from out of town.

Texans still spend untold man-hours a year arguing whether Deak Walker or Warren McVea was the best broken-field runner in schoolboy history. High school football doesn't merely arrive in the Lone Star state each September. Rather, it explodes, from the barren cold of the Panhandle to the piney woods of



COUNTRY

Nothing is bigger in small Texas towns than high school football, and Brownwood is the biggest little town of all by **CARLTON STOWERS**

East Texas to the muggy heat of the Gulf coast. It is not a phenomenon to be taken lightly. To wit: They still talk about the father of a standout halfback who repeatedly insisted to a Breckenridge oil company that he did not want to move to that West Texas community just so his son could play for the Buckaroos. Returning from a weekend trip, he found that his farmhouse had been lifted from its foundation and taken 50 miles down the road to Breckenridge. If he wished to move it back, he was told, it was O.K., but it would have to be done at his own expense. Thus his son became a member in good standing of one of the legendary Buckaroo teams.

Another indication of the devotion with which Texans pursue their school-boy mini-wars is the fact that both the

Associated Press and United Press International release weekly high school Top Tens that are read with even more interest than those that rank the top colleges.

Tradition has demanded that teams should rise from the Texas schoolboy ranks to become dominant powers. They are variously known as The Greatest Team Ever, The Team Nobody Can Beat, etc. and have gone to battle clad in every color of the rainbow. In the '20s Waco ruled, winning 73 of 75 games in a six-year period and defeating Latin Cathedral of Cleveland for the mythical national prep championship of 1927.

Amarello was the next super team, with state championships in '34, '35 and '36, and after them tiny Hill-Darrett, one of the numerous rural consolidated

schools, went 43 games without a defeat. The Wichita Fallses had their day, and oil-rich Breckenridge won four state championships in eight years. Abilene High stepped into the spotlight in the mid-'50s and established a national winning streak record of 49 in a row, an achievement that earned its coach, Chuck Moser, a healthy bonus from the booster club and a write-up in *Time* magazine. Five years later the same publication was dispatching a writer to little Pflugerville, a school with a male enrollment of 40 that had stretched the national record to 55 straight. The record subsequently passed to such football hotbeds as Massillon, Ohio, but those who worship at the shrine of Texas high school football will quickly point out that the only reason such long-term

continued



COACH GORDON WOOD likes to win, but no more than his young Lions. This one suffered as Brownwood dropped the home opener to Abilene.



winning streaks have gone out of style is that now virtually all teams in Texas are of high quality, thus eliminating the possibility of a putty schedule.

The University of Texas Intercollegiate League, governing body of high school athletics, goes the NCAA one better and provides a playoff schedule designed to determine the true No. 1 teams in Classes AAAA, AAA, AA and A. Next year there will be a playoff for Class B schools, too. A silver-plated football mounted on a walnut base is the Texas schoolboy answer to the Grantland Rice Trophy or the MacArthur Bowl and is earned after 60 minutes of supreme effort on some neutral field in what is referred to as the state finals—the 15th game of the year for the two teams that manage to earn the right to play for the championship.

For a span of 40 years Brownwood High School could rarely handle district rivals like Graham and Breckenridge and Vernon, much less level any kind of offensive attack on the remainder of the high school football world. Even in the '20s, when Coach Mack Miller went over to boomtowns like Cisco and Ranger and brought back players to live in rooms rented from sports-minded residents, results rarely reached the .500 mark.

"The Lions," recalls Groner Pitts, local mortician and resident expert on recent Brownwood glories, "spent most of their lives facing third and long."

Thus it is that the city's gridiron history prior to 1960 is referred to as Before Gordon Wood. And if that seems to bear certain religious innuendos, well, so be it. In the carefully chronicled annals of Texas schoolboy football history, dating back to 1900, no coach had ever won more than four state championships before Gordon Wood. He has won seven.

Until he was hired, only one district championship award had gone into Brownwood's trophy case in four decades. Now the school ranks as the prime example of Texas schoolboy excellence—Wood and his five-member coaching staff won state titles in 1960, '65, '67, '69 and '70.

Brownwood's search for a man with a reputation for building a winner began and ended with the 56-year-old Wood, a hound-jawed man with sunken eyes which are at times Sonny Lis-

ten sullen, then five minutes later soft and smiling. His suits never quite look freshly pressed, and to the casual acquaintance he hardly comes on as the dynamo able to convince teen-age boys they are just a notch below Superman. But a lifetime coaching record, prior to this season, of 263 wins, 44 losses and seven ties stands as testimony to his ability.

When he came to Brownwood his references dated back to 1938, when he had begun his coaching career in the dried West Texas town of Spar, and wound through other rural whistle-stops where he directed the fortunes of the Rule Bobcats, the Roscoe Plowboys, Seminole Indians, Winters Blizzards, Stamford Bulldogs and the Victoria Stingers. When the Brownwood school board caught up with him he had just finished his second season at Victoria.

The stages upon which Wood showed his early-day coaching ability involved such primitive accommodations as a roping arena-turned-football field in Winters—until Stamford, a community of less than 6,000 where kids learn the *Bulldog Fight Song* before they get around to the Pledge of Allegiance.

Winning was everything in Stamford. The youngsters of the community spent their elementary days dreaming of the time they would wear the blue and white and do their part for the glory of the Bulldogs. Wood hit town selling the resident youngsters on the idea that the prime ingredient for winning was confidence. They bought his philosophy by the truckload and by 1957 Wood had captured two Class AA state championships. Then he passed along the reins and headed for the Gulf coast in search of a new challenge.

In Victoria, Gordon Wood was out of place. The state of Texas is subdivided into regions with their own particular customs and mores. Wood was every bit a West Texan, a product of a breezy, set-jawed, independent, a-man-works-for-his-dollar heritage, but in Victoria football was something less than a life-and-death matter. The Brownwood school board offered him the opportunity to return to more familiar surroundings where a man could concentrate his entire efforts on coaching football.

Still, while Brownwood Lion exes such as Larry Elkins (former Houston Oilers) and Robert Young (Houston) had

achieved fame beyond their high school days. Brownwood scarcely seemed the kind of football factory college coaches revel in. Wood's 1969 title team, for instance, had a 5' 7", 143-pound tailback and a 5' 4½", 143-pound fullback, hardly measurements to make the University of Texas fans dream of future Steve Worsters. Lions Stadium is a rickety steel and wood structure that urban renewal passed by. During any week it will be the site of a couple of junior high games, a B-team game, a varsity game, and it is finally set to rest for the weekend after Howard Payne College has performed on Saturday. Local supporters constantly write irate letters to the editor about the lack of parking facilities—and purchase 1,800 season tickets each year.

Brownwood simply lacks the financial quick draw of many Texas communities. Wood has seen his salary increase steadily since winning the 1960 state championship (with a team that did not have a boy on the roster weighing as much as 180 pounds), but only to \$15,000 a year. He does not have a freebie automobile at his disposal, using his '65 model Buick or one of the school's driver education cars, and his team still travels by chartered bus. Nevertheless, though there are but 990 students in Brownwood, tryouts for the football team have now reached such a number that those who obviously don't have the ability to play are discouraged early. "We try to give them all a chance," Wood says, "but when it is plain that a boy is wasting his time and ours I have one of my assistants tell him to turn in his uniform. It's a lousy thing for me to put off on one of the other coaches, but I just don't have the heart to do it."

Players are repeatedly reminded by Wood of the value of such virtues as dedication, determination and positive thinking. "We like our kids to get the idea they can play with anybody," Wood says. "I don't want them awed by anyone."

Organized football begins in the seventh grade in Brownwood, with the junior high coaches teaching the same basic theories Wood delivers to his older Lions. By the time a youngster has reached the varsity he is quite ready to comprehend, digest and set to memory the 100 different plays and eight offensive

sets to be found in Wood's mimeographed playbook. Workouts are conducted like military maneuvers, with no wasted time and all phases of preparation receiving daily attention. During off-season practice a youngster is given five minutes from the time the bell frees him from the classroom to be on the field: If he doesn't make it, he finds himself running postworkout laps around the practice field.

Discipline becomes a way of life for anyone hoping to earn a letter at Brownwood High. There is no long hair, loud dress or talking back. If you are dismissed from the team you don't return.

In 1969 there was the borderline case of Perry Young, the brother of pro player Robert and of former Texas Tech standout Doug, who found adhering to all the rules and regulations of competitive athletics too demanding and after several warnings was in danger of being dismissed from the squad. Brother Doug, upon learning of Perry's difficulties, put in a long-distance call to Wood and proceeded to plead his case. He mentioned such facts as their parents' divorce, which his brother was having a hard time adjusting to.

Wood countered by recalling particular incidents where Perry had been cautioned and, in fact, given the benefit of the doubt. Having heard Wood's side of the story Doug admitted that the coach had been more than fair, then added, "I just know this, Coach: If you don't help him, no one will. I'd like for you to think about it."

The following day Wood saw the youngster in the privacy of his office, and Perry agreed to run 40 laps a day for 40 days to retain a spot on the team. It should be added that in his senior year he caught 21 touchdown passes and was selected to the All-State team. "Over the long haul," says Wood, who admits he has mellowed in his philosophy, "I suppose that is what high school coaching is all about."

Gordon Wood will tell you there are a number of reasons for the high caliber of Texas schoolboy football. "We've got better weather here than most of the states," he begins, "and there is more interest on the part of the community. Our equipment is a little more sophisticated than most. And then we have the playoff system."

"Also, there are more outstanding

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART



AS FOR BROWNWOOD LIONESSES . . .

coaches in high school ball here in Texas. This is a state where a man can remain on the high school level and still make a living. In some states it is just a stepping-stone. If you don't get into college coaching or administration after a few years, you starve or sell insurance."

If the name Gordon Wood is not familiar in the nation's households, it is at least well known in football circles. A coach in Anaheim, Calif. swaps films with Wood and spends his summers running and rerunning movies of Brownwood High games. Several other coaches in California, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Ohio correspond with him regularly, asking endless questions about his approach to his chosen craft. At coaching clinics he is as popular as the nearest nightspot. During a postseason clinic recently Wood shared the podium with several of the nation's outstanding college coaches, and his lecture was attended by a standing-room-only crowd. A well-known receiver coach who had been a legend in his pro days was scheduled to follow Wood and found himself speaking to an almost empty room.

continued



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LIONS

When Wood talks about his profession he is a man constantly in search of converts. Anyone who approaches the game at less than full throttle is of little use to him. He recalled a clinic not too many years ago when an Eastern high school coach delivered such observations as "a pass is nothing but a long fumble" and "the kicking game is silly; soccer is a kicking game." Wood cannot tell you what the remainder of the coach's talk contained. He walked out. "That guy isn't a football coach," he says. "he's a clown."

"I had one coach from Canada tell me about a game his kids won and then he went on to describe how proud he was that they also won the beer-drinking contest afterward. He would get fired on the spot if he tried something like that in Texas. I know a coach in Ohio who owns three beer joints. That would never do in our system. We're a little more straitlaced."

During 30 years of working with youngsters he has learned to attack virtually any problem from its most vulnerable angle. If the situation calls for it, he is tact, controlled and driving. On the other hand, he can be loose, freewheeling and unpredictable.

"I called Gordon before our playoff game with him," recalls Lubbock Escondido Coach Pete Murray, "and told him we wanted to use a Wilson ball when we were on offense. I knew they used another brand, and just wanted to be sure they had one of our kind when we got there. So he comes out just a minute or two before kickoff and says, 'Hey, Pete, this is the only Wilson we had,' and pitches me this beat-up old thing with the cover peeling and the seams busting out. He got a big kick out of it. Then he told me he had already given a new Wilson to the referee. Imagine. Here I am in the playoffs for the first time, nervous as all get-out, and he's playing jokes and laughing up a storm because he's been there so many times before he knows he's gonna swamp you before the afternoon's over."

At age 56, chances are that Gordon Wood isn't likely to see the day when he occupies the head-coaching chair at some major college. World War II, he feels, may have cheated him out of that. Two years into his first head-coaching job at Rule, the Japanese, apparently not engrossed in the outcome of the Dis-

trict 8-B football race, bombed Pearl Harbor and Wood left the Rule Bobcats for the U.S. Navy.

"I'll always believe the real years for my advancement would have been the time I spent in the service," he says in a matter-of-fact tone which now hints of neither regret nor bitterness. "Tugboat Jones [a revered if not poetic name in Texas schoolboy coaching circles] took over my job there at Rule, and when I got back he was coaching at Wichita Falls High, one of the biggest schools in the state." So Chief Petty Officer Gordon Wood, faced with the realization that if he hoped to continue coaching it meant starting all over again in some other dusty little West Texas town, loaded his duffel bag aboard a bus and headed for Rowce, Texas.

At the end of last season Brownwood Lawyer Henry Evans sat in one of the back booths at the Palace Drug, relishing the holiday bowl outcomes and remarking on the respective coaching genius of men like Bear Bryant and Woody Hayes and Darrell Royal.

Roder Sweeney, owner of the drug-store and public-address announcer for the Lions' games, listened intently. Then he pointed out that he personally would like to see the whole lot of them bring some of their \$30,000 genius down here to the high school football ranks, where you have to make do with a 147-pound fullback with something less than blazing speed, and see how many championships they could stack up.

"Darrell was here to speak at our football banquet a few years ago," Sweeney observed, "and he said that in his estimation the best coaching being done in the country was by high school coaches. Particularly those in Texas."

The people of Brownwood couldn't have agreed more, which is why they finished their own season with a "Gordon Wood Day" complete with gifts, proclamations, much backslapping and a dinner at the downtown coliseum. Players, ex-players, civic leaders and local politicians gushed praise.

Groner Pitts, the man who had engineered the celebration, observed, "Shoot. Every day since he came here has been Gordon Wood Day. This one just happens to be official." It seemed clear that Gordon Wood could, if he so chose, run for mayor. And win by two touchdowns. **END**

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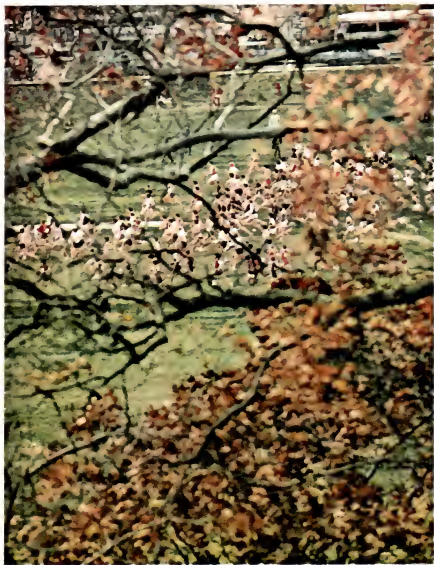
THEY TAKE THE SCENIC ROUTE

It is fitting that in cross-country the team with the least number of points wins. Fitting, because the sport's advocates outdo one another in extolling its Thoreauvian virtues—purity, simplicity, rusticity. One has gone so far for perhaps it is the world that has gone that far to call it “an ecological experience.” They have a case, as all but one of the color photographs on the following pages show. Comporing times is fruitless. Some courses lead up mountainsides, others are laid out on golf links. Some cannot even be surveyed accurately and are described, for example, as “about four miles.” Few specialize in cross-country. It is a fall workout in which half-milers and marathoners alike compete oops, run companionably—in, as another evangelist puts it, “a temporary refuge . . . which offers both testing and therapy.”

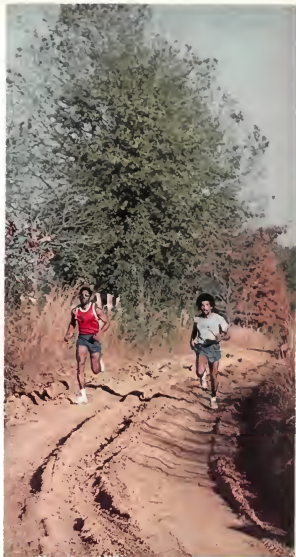


Steve Prefontaine leads teammates out of fits by a golf course near Eugene, Ore.





The field in the IC4As streams through
New York City's Van Cortlandt Park.



Two runners from Tougaloo (Miss.)
College plod along a clay road,
while (next page) contestants in a
meet at Eastern Montana College
splash across a creek 7,000 feet up.







Six-mile course in El Poso winds across meadows of grama shaded by live oaks



Vermont meets St. Michael's on the fairways of the Burlington Country Club.





Black Hills, stubble, snow form bleak setting for race at Spearfish, S. Dak.



California College Conference meet takes place on sidewalks of Fullerton.





'ONE OF THE PLEASURES OF MY LIFE'

by KENNY MOORE

You start on the grass beside the Water Board fountain on Honolulu's Makiki Heights Drive. There is a level half mile, under thorny kiawe trees, before you begin to climb a long ridge. You pass palatial homes nearly hidden by orchid, breadfruit and mango. Further up, the eternal cloud over the mountain covers the sun and you enter tropical forest. Norfolk pines wave about in a freshening wind and eucalyptus peelings crackle underfoot.

A mile on and a few hundred feet higher, the forest becomes jungle. Guava, kou and ironwood, hung with enormous split-leaf philodendrons, close in above. Flowering ginger forms a ragged, chest-high carpet up every ravine and mixes its penetrating sweetness with the pungency of rotting guavas. You cannot breathe out, only in and in. A squall barges through the foliage and you thrash in the rain, slipping on crushed avocado. It feels good to be cold.

At the summit a stone span crosses to an adjoining ridge. You descend, no longer struggling, allowing the earth to draw you freewheeling down the slope. The jungle divides, and there is a view of the canyon and Honolulu's galling high rises and beyond, the sea, throwing back the white afternoon sun.

You meet a runner laboring up from the green depths. "Hell, this is nothing," he snorts. "You ought to run New England in the fall."

Cross-country too often has been portrayed as the last bastion of the puritan work ethic, a sport where miles are counted not as units of joy (as are touch-downs or baskets) but of suffering, a sport whose motives are so pure as to be incommunicable. Certainly the runner, at least initially, must have the will to endure. But when he has attained basic fitness, the sense of ordeal ebbs. Through his fatigue he begins to appreciate this most primary of athletic relationships—a man crossing the earth,

unaided, as it presents itself to him.

Steve Prefontaine, Oregon's NCAA champion, calls it sanctuary. "It's a great relief from the monotony of running around a track. Six miles on a track drives me crazy. Six miles across the Coos Bay sand dunes is a lot of fun."

The rewards of cross-country may be unrelated to competitive success. This is not to say that one cannot derive satisfaction from winning, but if competition is the runner's only goal, he is clearly deranged. He would pursue Sophia Loren for her money, order Russian caviar for its protein content.

The two most widely practiced sports that offer virtually no professional opportunities are swimming and track and field. Swimmers are notorious for retreating as teen-agers, but many runners, especially distance runners, carry on for decades (Mamo Wolde of Ethiopia won the Mexico City Olympic marathon at age 35). Elaborate physiological arguments have been put forth as to why this should or should not be so. For the runner the answer is clear: you cannot swim through a forest. The elements of boredom and meaningless pain are present in swimming—with its incessant repetitions and changeless surroundings—to a degree not found in running freely over the country. The swimmer continues only so long as his urge to dominate drives him. The runner races one day a week in the autumn. The rest of the time he can indulge his esthetic sense.

New Zealander Jack Foster says, "I run from three to 15 miles five days a week and 20 on Sunday over hilly sheep farming country or through forest. I don't think of running as 'training.' I am not prepared to let it be anything but one of the pleasures of my life."

Foster recently set the world record for 20 miles. He is 39.

The longer one runs, in terms of miles or years, the more one savors cross-country. The explanation is simple. There is no better way to know the land, to feel a part of it, than to run across it daily. A morning run through an agricultural area, even if the same route is repeated

for a year, evokes increasing involvement. Patterns of frost and fog, the growth and withering of grass, occasional cataclysmic events such as lumbering, induce an awareness of the land's rhythms. The nearness of his own rhythms—of breath and heart and foot-fall—assures the runner of his place. Such a run offers a chance for self-examination as well, a chance to discover one's sensitivity to poison oak, to find how one reacts to a face full of spider web in a dark glen or stepping on a snake at twilight. (Another effect is to refute the Judeo-Christian concept that man occupies an elevated position in relation to his environment, as if we needed any more disproof of that.)

The significance of the course in racing is such that one's mind is apt to leave out how one finished, retaining only where one went. Who has run the University of Kansas course at Lawrence who can tell you his time? Who can't tell you about the god-awful hill at four miles? Anoxia has burned every tendril of that slope's crabgrass into thousands of collegiate memories.

Cross-country sensitizes the runner not only to the country he crosses but to his own physiology. He becomes a connoisseur of tiredness, distinguishing, for example, the light-headed sensation of a five-mile jog following a series of sprints from the stiff, irritable fatigue near the end of a 20-mile run.

The runner refines his technique. He learns how to carry his hips and arms and head to most easily cover the ground. Like the Eskimo with his 27 words for snow, he develops esoteric terms for pace and style: "hard tempo," "shake-up," "swing." Oregon Coach Bill Bowerman is forever shouting after his runners, "You're not tidy! Tidy it up!"

If Bowerman does not see a response, if strides do not shorten and carriages do not straighten, he will call out, "You men are too tired. You are supposed to be exhilarated, not exhausted. Why don't you knock it off."

The mountain is going to be there tomorrow.

END

Dartmouth and Northeastern runners toil through a pine wood in Hanover, N.H.



◆ Looks here as if Soviet Premier Mikhail Gorbachev, hockey stick in hand, is trying to break the ice with Montreal Captain Henri Richard. The scene was Vancouver, British Columbia, where Gorbachev attended a Canadiens-Carucks game. Before the face-off he told Richard that "hockey players are great workers. I have great respect for them." And then to prove his point he gave Richard and Caruck Captain Orlan Karlenbach a set of cuff links, a tiepin and a small hockey stick autographed by Russia's top players. Gorbachev received his reward a few minutes later; a standing ovation from the 15,000 fans on hand. It was the warmest reception so far for the Russian premier on his Canadian trip.

The Vice-President, like so many of the world's dignitaries, was invited to Iran last month to help celebrate the anniversary of the founding of the Persian Empire 2,500 years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Spiro T. Agnew had to tough it

at the Persepolis celebration, staying in a tent. But what a tent. It had everything the Vice-President might need, including in its personal library an autographed copy of a golf instructional book by Arnold Palmer.

Former Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown of California, on the other hand, learned how tickle fame can be. Out golfing with some friends the other day, he got his ball to within 2½ feet of the pin and looked entrancingly at his playing companions. "Are you going to give me this one?" he asked.

"Put it out," they replied. He did, and he made it. But that didn't remove the sting.

"When I was governor," he pointed out afterward, "they used to give me those."

Just about a year ago, on the night of Muhammad Ali's comeback bout with Jerry Quarry in Arcadia, a team of thieves knocked over a houseful of out-of-town fans having a postfight party, getting away with loot estimated as high as \$500,000. The whole thing sounded like a Hollywood plot—movie, that is—to Georgia State Senator Leroy Johnson, and now he

and a local black organization plan to make a film about it. They could call it *Ali-Quarry and the 40 Thieves*.

◆ You dirty rat! Thought you'd get away with it, did you? Victorian movie tough guy Jimmy Cagney, whose disdain for publicity is legend, was not quick enough to elude cameramen at Stony Brook, L.I. last week, when he rode along atop a four-horse carriage in a horse and driving competition. That's *Neg Ferguson* on buggy whip.

Out in San Francisco, the disc jockeys are assaulting the airwaves with a hot 45 on the Daybreak label on which the Oakland Raiders' George Blonks sings *It's Never Too Late and This Ole House*. Only trouble is, the group backing him up is so loud—or George is so quiet—that it sounds as if he is at the bottom of a pileup.

Godfathers are popping up all over. There is Hollywood's godfather portrayed by Marlon Brando in the film of the same name, and there is the Washington Redskins' godfather, cornerback Pat Fischer, who became teammate Ron McDole's

godfather when the 6' 4" 288-pound defensive end got married and converted to Catholicism. What sort of spiritual guidance has Godfather Fischer afforded Godson McDole? "I never had to do a thing for him," says Fischer, "except tell him to charge a little wider on the sweeps."

You mean not everyone is a Johnny Carson fan? Carson, the host and star of the *Tonight* show, hates it when he is pre-empted by a sporting event, so he was probably charmed to learn that the Winter Olympics from Sapporo, Japan next February may replace nine showings of *Tonight*. Said one NBC exec, probably a skier, "A dash of cold winter air might be a refreshing change."

Bobby Bowden, head football coach at West Virginia University, was surprised, happy, touched and all them things when James Harlow, the university president, turned up at Bowden's open house after WVU's win over Pitt last month. After all, there were several VIP affairs he might have attended. The reason he chose this one became clear in the course of the evening. Harlow sidled up to Mrs. Bowden and said, "Tell Bobbs it looks like he saved our jobs for another year."

"It was a refreshing experience to substitute this dedication ceremony for the Texas-Arkansas game." Former President Lyndon Johnson was speaking at Houston at the dedication of a Rice University dormitory, and his sentiments were well taken. Since leaving the White House, L.B.J. has seldom missed a University of Texas football game, but passing up this year's Arkansas contest was more than refreshing, what with his beloved Longhorns suffering that 31-7 pasting.



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Hold on, Ara, the freshmen are coming

While the Notre Dame varsity was getting lumped at South Bend, the first-year men were south of the Rio Grande bullying the Mexico City Redskins in a bruising display of heads-and arms, etc.—across the border

So you think Notre Dame lost last week? You heard that USC knocked off the Irish for the second straight year, beating them 28-14, and in South Bend yet? Well, it's true, Notre Dame did lose—its undefeated season, its chance to play an Oklahoma or Nebraska in the Orange Bowl and any hope for the national title. But, folks, Notre Dame did not lose everything last week.

The freshmen won. In fact, they won the big game, the grandest international football confrontation of the year: ND vs. Mexico City Redskins. And they did it with a few points to spare. You didn't know about the game? Well, nice group of kids, the freshmen. Over there is Kevin Nosbusch, a friendly kid when not playing football, a defensive tackle standing 6' 4" and weighing in at 255 pounds, all of it hard muscle. Another defensive tackle is John Roscoe, also 6' 4" but only, well, 240. And then there are a couple of defensive ends who have to stoop to get under a 6' 5" doorway and go 230 and 240. And if anything gets past that crew, there are linebackers like John Freeman (235) and Greg Cortina (255), and they are as quick as they are big. And now last Saturday night here comes Sergio Chagary Cosio, trying to zip his 165 pounds out of the Mexico City Redskins' backfield. Leading the blocking is Rito Calzada Saldaña, a 175-pound guard. Double-splut! No one asks if Sergio gained any yards, just if he is still alive. Ah, all is well. Rito just wiggled a foot. Oh, oh, there goes Daniel Carranza Reyes, a 160-pound defensive back, off on a stretcher. From the top of Mexico City's huge but empty Azteca Stadium (the crowd of 35,000 was lost in the 97,240-seat arena) a man bugles taps.

From the beginning it was an Aztec sacrifice. The home team even lost the toss of the coin. And what followed wasn't football, it was a demolition derby. The final score was 80-0, or maybe even 82-0. No one was sure. Notre Dame went for two points after its last touchdown, and half the officials said they

made it and the other half said no. The important thing was that the Irish didn't lose another football. After their 10th touchdown they kicked the extra point and the fans refused to throw the ball back.

"From now on," said an official, noting that the score was then 68-0 and there was still more than 21 minutes to play, "when you score, just run for your extra points."

"People thought we were trying to run up the score," said Denny Murphy, the Irish freshmen coach. "Shoot, we just didn't want to lose any more balls. You can't tell kids not to score, all you can do is just tell them not to throw and to use basic stuff."

For the record, the Irish touchdowns were scored by Halfback Ron Goodman (4), Fullback Wayne Bullock (3), Quarterback Tom Clements (2), Bob Sweeney (1), Chuck Kelly (1) and Tom Bake (1). You might as well remember the names. Ara will. En route Notre Dame rolled up 800 yards, most of it on the ground. Clements threw just four passes, two of them for touchdowns.

"We played with very much heart," said Elias Fernando Yapur, a Redskin Athletic Club official. "But Notre Dame played with very much height, very much weight and too much speed."

"We got the spit kicked out of us," said a Redskin player. "Their team outweighs half of Mexico City."

In a two minute and 18 second spurt, Notre Dame's Eric Benick went 84 yards to score only to have it nullified by a penalty. On the next play Bullock went 89 yards to score, and after the Redskins punted, Kelly went 73 yards to score. Then just a shade more than a minute later, Bake, shedding Mexicans like an oak tree undressing for winter, went six yards to score.

At halftime, leading 48-0, Murphy told his troops: "Now look, guys, these are nice people, and I'm not asking anybody not to go all out, but let's just stick to the basics. The very basics. But you on



OVERLOOKED by the ruin of an Aztec temple, Notre Dame's Ed Blair plays football.

the defense, let's not lose the shutout."

The defense, which spent most of the night watching the offense score, gave up but 127 yards while intercepting seven passes and recovering four fumbles. The Redskin quarterbacks, not one of them over 5' 8", threw 23 passes, but mostly they were just tossing the ball up for grabs. They completed five fewer than they had stolen.

The result was hardly a surprise to the Mexicans. All week during practice there was a running gag. Someone would place a helmet on the ground and then others would come over and pretend there was a player underneath it—one stomped upon by a Notre Dame player.

"Ah, we'll win by 48 points," said Elias Yapur, an optimist whose brother Jose is a 179-pound linebacker on the team.

"You are crazy," said Manuel Ro-

delo, the Redskins' dynamic little coach.

"You mean you don't think you can win?" someone asked Rodelo.

He laughed. "No," he said, "but to play Notre Dame will be good for football in Mexico. Everyone thinks we only play soccer. We love to play American football very much. But we have much problems, like getting money for equipment. It is too expensive."

Yapur held up a hand. "We would be very appreciative if someone would tell the people in the United States that we would gratefully receive any donations for equipment." So be it.

The Redskins play in the Mexican Major League, but unlike the other nine clubs in the league, they have no affiliation with a university. Rodelo coached for 14 years at the National Polytechnic Institute in Mexico City, running up a 145-6-2 record, but he quit in disgust two years ago over the program.

"I wanted to have just one team," he said, "but the people who drive football there know nothing. They are happy to have three teams, all of them bad. They got money for football, but no one knows where it goes."

"Ha," shouted Yapur. "I'll show you where it goes. After practice I'll take you to the Hipodromo, the racehorse track."

When he left Polytechnic, Rodelo took 12 players along with him. They were joined by 165 disgruntled Polytech alumni who formed the Redskins AC. They financed the team with dues, donations and lotteries, and they recruited other players. But they were blackballed from the majors. Last year they played six small U.S. teams, lost five games and beat St. Mary's of San Antonio 6-0. This year Rodelo spent time studying football at Notre Dame and Texas.

Then Mexico elected a new president, Luis Echeverria Alvarez, an ex-football player who swept out the heads of the universities. The replacements saw the virtues of football, and appointed some new administrators for the sport. The Redskins were voted into the major league, and so far they have beaten four rivals while losing only to the Condors of the University of Mexico, last year's champions, 10-9.

"We have the Wishbone offense," said Rodelo. And he laughed. "When we play against other Mexican teams, we have a good running attack. But against the Americans..."

When the Notre Dame players arrived in Mexico City last Thursday, no one knew if the Redskins used the Wishbone or what. In fact, they thought they were playing a group of Mexican all-stars. They had been invited to come down by the Mexican Notre Dame alumni club and had been offered a guarantee of \$10,000 if they accepted. One thing Murphy knew about for sure was the Mexican water. He told his players they not only could not drink it, they could not even use it to brush their teeth. And at a reception thrown for the Notre Dame men Thursday night by Mexican officials, the players were ordered away from the food in the interest of staying in shape.

"It's funny," said Murphy, "back home they've been complaining about the training table, but down here it's beginning to look good to them. Like for lunch today, they gave us fried bananas. They were tasty, but some of the kids were giving them funny looks. I'm sure none of them ever had a fried banana before. But the treatment down here has been fabulous. They've taken care of us like kings. The only thing I don't like is all this cocktail talk about the monsters from Notre Dame and the midgets from Mexico. Our kids started believing that stuff, but we talked to them. They know they have to play a game." Right, coach.

"Just how big are they really?" A Mexican official asked Murphy at one point.

"Well, our defensive line averages 245 pounds," he answered. "And our offensive line averages 236."

The Mexican blinked, then grinned weakly. "That is big, isn't it?"

Bigger than big, and to the freshmen, who have spent the fall getting belted around by the even bigger varsity, it was good to be the top dog for a change.

"As a team, we only get to practice once a week, on Fridays," said Pete Demerle, a 187-pound split end. "The rest of the week we spend all our time getting zonked by the varsity."

"Yeah, and it's murder," said 230-pound Guard Gerald DiNardo. "I bet I get knocked down at least five times a day," said Demerle. "I run out against that secondary and wham! I'm down."

"Just think," said DiNardo. "Saturday we'll get to put on the gold pants for the first time. Won't that be something. And now it's our turn to

bust some people. I can hardly wait."

Which they did, 80-0 or 82-0, and then they came back to the hotel for a late meal of hamburgers and milk shakes. And to talk about the varsity's loss to USC that same afternoon.

"Our victory was great," said Goodman. "But I keep thinking about what USC did. Boy, next week the varsity is going to really kill us."

THE WEEK

by GWILYM S. BROWN

MIDWEST

1. OKLAHOMA (6-0)
2. NEBRASKA (7-0)
3. MICHIGAN (7-0)

Notre Dame's glaring lack of a first-rate passer finally cut the Irish down after five straight wins. And, of course, the team that did it was their annual tormentor, USC, whom they have not defeated since 1966. "To beat Notre Dame you have to bomb them and do it early," said Coach John McKay. "They couldn't rally. The only thing we were afraid of was that they would ball-control us to death."

The Irish never had a chance to exhibit any ball-control tactics, for USC had a 28-7 lead after 20 minutes and held on easily to win 28-14. Edsel Garrison, an inexperienced end who is one of the nation's fastest quarter-milers, scored USC's first touchdown in the opening quarter on a 31-yard pass from Jimmy Jones, breaking clear from Clarence Ellis when the All-American cornerback slipped attempting to stay with a quick Garrison cut. Garrison scored the next first-period touchdown on a 26-yard pass from alternate Quarterback Mike Rat. Once ahead, the Trojans had little difficulty containing Cliff Brown's desperate passing. He completed only 12 of 35 and was intercepted three times, including a 53-yard touchdown return by Defensive Back Bruce Dyer for USC's final score.

While Notre Dame stumbled, Nebraska walloped Oklahoma State 41-13. The Cowboys managed to halt Cornhusker drives the first three times they had the ball, but after that it was an easy trail to Nebraska's 17th straight win. Jeff Kinney scored a first-quarter touchdown on a 25-yard run, Dave Mason ran an intercepted pass back 27 yards for a TD and Jerry Lut scored on a 42-

continued

yard pass from Jerry Tagge, who completed 13 of 22. Slotback Johnny Rodgers broke loose for Nebraska's final touchdown with a twisting 92-yard punt return. He had scored on a pass earlier in the game and amassed 232 yards rushing, receiving and returning punts. "They're awesome," gaped long Coach Floyd Goss when the game mercifully ended. "They're stronger than last year, and they deserve their ranking. They have a good offense and a tremendous defense."

Oklahoma was fired up, too, killing Kansas State 75-28. Halfback Greg Pruitt gained 294 yards in 19 carries, as the Sooners galloped to 711 yards on the ground, an NCAA record. "The amount of offense was unreal," said Coach Chuck Fairbanks.

Michigan remained undefeated with a solid 35-7 win over Minnesota and held on to the Little Brown Jug. Tailback Billy Taylor scored two touchdowns and gained 166 yards in 33 carries, boosting his three-year total against Minnesota to 468 yards and six touchdowns. But like Notre Dame, the Wolverines showed little passing finesse, their quarterbacks could complete only two of 10.

Dino State's explosive offense, led by a lanky soph tailback, Morris Bradshaw, crushed Wisconsin 31-6. Bradshaw scampered around end for 88 yards for a second-quarter touchdown—a school record run from scrimmage—then returned a fourth-quarter kickoff 88 yards for another touchdown following the Badgers' only score.

Northwestern stretched Indiana's losing streak in the Big Ten to nine games with a 24-10 win, while Illinois ended its nine-game losing streak, upsetting Purdue 21-7 with two second-half touchdowns, the last coming on a 38-yard run by soph George Uemovovich late in the fourth period. Joe Duonias, a tiny, 5' 7", 170-pound reserve quarterback, came off the bench in the second quarter with Colorado nursing a 3-0 lead over Missouri and stirred the Buffaloes to a 27-7 win. Unbeaten Toledo's winning streak reached 30 as Chuck Ealey paved for three touchdowns and ran for another in a 35-7 win over Dayton, the last team to beat the Rockets that happened in 1968.

SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (7-0)
2. AUBURN (6-0)
3. GEORGIA (7-0)

It was dash and slash in Tuscaloosa as undefeated Alabama won its seventh straight, defeating Houston 34-20 in a splendid matchup of triple options. Houston Backs Robert Newhouse and Tommy Murrell punched out 247 yards between them through Alabama's usually sticky defense.

The Tide's Johnny Musso gained 123 yards on the ground, scored twice and boosted his point total for the season to 80 and his career total to 212, a Southeastern conference record.

"After our big win against Tennessee the week before, we weren't prepared mentally or physically," said Alabama Coach Bear Bryant after the game. "I'm just thankful to get out of it."

Alabama scored first, Musso driving into the end zone from two yards out in the first quarter. Houston tied it 7-7 in the second quarter but was never in the game again. Terry Davis pitched scoring tosses of 10 and 25 yards to David Bailey and Musso scored again, this time from nine yards out following a 64-yard punt return by Bobby McKinney. It was Coach Bryant's 115th victory at Alabama.

Georgia also won its seventh game, crushing Kentucky 34-0. Two 25-yard field goals by Kim Braswell gave Georgia a slim 6-0 half-time lead, but early in the second half 5' 9" Barry Rosenberg faked a punt and ran it back 56 yards to the Kentucky two-yard line, where Jimmy Poulos piled over for the game's first touchdown. "If Barry hadn't returned that punt," said Coach Vince Dooley after the game, "we might still be out there trying to protect that 6-0 lead."

Georgia scored three more touchdowns but really didn't need to bother since Kentucky rarely came close to the goal line. The Wildcats made their initial first down with only 2½ minutes remaining in the third quarter and compiled only eight in all. Kentucky has now lost to Auburn, Georgia, and LSU, who along with Alabama are the SEC's four title contenders. "Georgia's the biggest and strongest of the three we've played," said Kentucky Coach John Ray. "I think Auburn's quicker and LSU's the best balanced—a lot like Georgia, but not as strong physically."

LSU was not scheduled, and Auburn, too, virtually took the weekend off, stamping out a methodical 25-13 victory over Clemson despite suffering four interceptions and losing two fumbles. Auburn Quarterback Pat Sullivan had a so-so day; he completed 15 of 31 passes, had two interceptions and threw for only one touchdown, a 45-yarder to Terry Beasley in the first quarter.

Tennessee edged Mississippi State 10-7 as both teams tried to find a quarterback who could move the ball. Tennessee scored in the first quarter on a fine 51-yard field goal by George Hunt and went ahead 10-0 in the third quarter when Linebacker Jackie Walker poked off a pass on the Mississippi State 42-yard line and ran it back for a score. State's only touchdown followed soon after when Frank Downing returned a Vol punt 54 yards.

Aanderbilt, with the SEC's worst offense, and Ole Miss, with its worst defense, showed

that a weak defense can beat a weak offense any old time as Ole Miss won 28-7. Florida barely squeezed by Maryland 27-23, saving the game by recovering Monte Hinkle's fumble on the Gator six-inch line with less than two minutes to go. Disappointing Florida Quarterback John Reeves and Flanker Carlos Alvarez finally had a good game. Reeves completed 23 of 34 passes for 307 yards and four touchdowns, while Alvarez caught 10 for 134 yards and one touchdown.

Navy unveiled a new mascot, Billy XVII, to replace Billy XVII, who died three weeks earlier, and upset Duke 15-14. With 29 seconds remaining, sophomore Fred Stovek rolled out right from the Duke three-yard line and tossed a touchdown pass to Andy Pease to tie the score at 14-14. Roger Lanning kicked the extra point, and Navy had its first victory after five straight losses.

North Carolina defeated Wake Forest 7-3 in mud and rain, Georgia Tech beat Tulane 24-16, scoring the decisive TD on a fourth-and-eight pass by Eddie McAshan from the 30, and Florida State routed South Carolina 49-18 as Gary Huff threw for five touchdowns against what had been billed as the Gamecocks' Super Secondary.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (6-0)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (6-1)
3. CORNELL (5-0)

With scouts from the Drange, Sugar and Cotton Bowls seated in the stands at Beaver Stadium, undefeated Penn State put on a sparkling show, scoring nine touchdowns in a 66-14 rout of TCU. Coach Joe Paterno's Nittany Lions did almost nothing wrong as they scored the first four times they had the ball, then left it to the reserves to finish impressing the bowl scouts with three last-quarter touchdowns. On offense Penn State used its quarterback option with brutal success. On defense the Lions closed down TCU's Wishbone T by sealing off the corners and smothering the normally sharp passing of Steve Judy, who completed only five of 13 passes. Penn State Quarterback John Hufnagel, the ex-safety, gained 93 yards on a dozen carries and completed six of eight passes. Halfback Lydell Mitchell took over as the nation's leading point scorer (84 points) with four touchdowns and rolled up 177 yards in 22 carries. The point total was State's highest in 24 years, and the 632 yards of total offense set a school record.

West Virginia and Temple looked horns in a wild, back-and-forth scoring battle. The Mountaineers led early by 17 points, trailed

laze by 10 and finally scored the go-ahead touchdown on an 82-yard pass from Bernie Galtiffa to Split End Harry Blake with less than five minutes left on the way to a 43-33 win. Soph Tailback Kerry Marbury scampered 83 yards to a touchdown on a draw play, added two other scores on short runs and completed a prodigious 291 yards on 22 carries.

Ld. Mannaro, the nation's leading rusher, carried 43 times, mostly off tackle, and crunched out 230 yards and three touchdowns as undefeated Cornell walloped Yale 31-10. Dartmouth extended its winning streak to 14, edging Harvard 16-13 on a 46-yard field goal by Ted Perry in the last two seconds. Columbia nipped Rutgers 17-16, and Princeton routed Penn 21-0.

Syracuse scored in every quarter to crush Holy Cross 63-21, Boston College beat Pitt 40-22 and little C.W. Post, with its pro-pect quarter-back, Gary Wishard, piling up 289 yards and running for two touchdowns, beat Maine 42-21.

Delaware Coach Tubby Raymond was indignant that his Blue Hens, rated the No. 1 small-college team in the country, had been called a four-touchdown favorite over unbeaten West Chester. "Ridiculous, utterly ridiculous," said Raymond before the game. Then his team went out and romped 47-8, rolling up a total offense of 624 yards and posting its sixth straight win of the season.

Army's relief quarter-back, J. Kingsley Fink, went in to spell starter Dak Atha and marched the Cadets to two second-half touchdowns as they came from behind to nip Virginia 14-9. Amherst scored in every quarter to swamp Little Three rival Wesleyan 35-10. Boston University quarter-back Bill Pasole completed just six passes against Rhode Island, but three of them went for touchdowns in BU's 28-7 win. Six different players scored for Colgate in a 42-32 victory over Brown.

SOUTHWEST

1. ARKANSAS (6-1)
2. TEXAS (4-2)
3. HOUSTON (4-2)

Arkansas made a game effort to hold the score down in its non-conference breather with North Texas State, but the attempt proved to be a rollicking failure. The Razorbacks even went so far as to fumble the ball away six times and throw four interceptions, but they still scored nine touchdowns to rack up a 60-21 victory. The Eagles helped bury themselves, producing seven turnovers and one blocked punt. To make matters worse for future Arkansas opponents, junior fullback Mike Saint made his

first start of the season and scored eight touchdowns, all on short runs.

Texas, after losing on consecutive Saturdays to Oklahoma and Arkansas, found Rice more to its liking and punished the Owls 39-10. Said Texas Coach Darrell Royal, "We felt this ball game was one of the most important since 1988 when we opened with a tie and a loss. It was a must game to keep the program going and for personal pride so far as the team is concerned." Personal pride aside, six interceptions helped do Rice in. That and some tough running by two ailing backs—Donnie Wigginton (torn knee), who gained 120 yards for three touchdowns, and Jim Benesh (torn shoulder), who gained 121.

SMU and Texas Tech staged their annual pulse throbber, but this time, after two losses late in the fourth quarter in the last two years, the Mustangs won 18-17, scoring on a 14-yard pass by Gary Hammond with five minutes left. Texas A&M's 5'9" kicking specialist, Pat McDermott, booted a 53-yard field goal in the last quarter to lift the Aggies to a 10-9 win over Baylor.

WEST

1. ARIZONA STATE (5-1)
2. AIR FORCE (5-1)
3. STANFORD (5-2)

Stanford has frequently been regarded as a thinking-man's team with a tendency to lose when swamped with flattery. This hypothesis was confirmed once again when the Indians, a 24-point favorite, lost to Washington State 24-23 on a 27-yard field goal by Don Sweet that cleared the crimson after time had run out. It was the upset of the year on the Coast. Stanford fell behind 14-3 in the second quarter but got back in the game on a 97-yard kickoff reverse-return play, Miles Moore slipping the ball to John Winesberry. The Indians went ahead on a touchdown and a field goal in the third period and were still in front by two points when the Cougars took over on their own 15 line in the fourth quarter. Runs by Fullback Ken Lyday and Tailback Bernard Jackson, who gained 141 yards on 24 carries overall, and four completed passes by Quarterback Ty Paige, who earlier had confused the Indian defense with his tricky option running, brought WSU to the Stanford 10-yard line with four seconds left on the clock, whereupon Sweet provided the icing.

Arizona State had its 21-game winning streak snapped a week earlier by Oregon State, but it took the Sun Devils no more than one half against New Mexico to start all over again. They left the field at half time with a 41-0 lead and rolled to a 60-28 win. Soph

Dan White, who had missed three games at quarterback because of a shoulder separation, completed 22 of 35 passes, six of them for TDs, while Fullback Ben Malone, who had started the week as a third-string halfback, gained 181 yards in 20 carries.

With five games still to play, Defensive Back Jackie Wallace tied an NCAA season record by scoring his third touchdown on a punt return, this time from 74 yards out, as Arizona defeated Utah 14-3. Wallace also intercepted two passes and scored another touchdown on a 36-yard interception return. Air Force had a rugged time with win-less Colorado State, barely scratching out a 17-12 victory when State Halfback Lawrence McCutchen fumbled a pass reception that was recovered by Air Force Linebacker Jim Morris on his own 12 with only 1:37 to go.

For the third straight game, Quarterback Jay Cruise, a high school lineman three years ago, lifted California to a last-minute victory, this time on a 35-yard pass to Flanker Steve Sweeney to beat UCLA 31-24. "We kind of pulled the play together from the bench, the spotting booth and the boys," admitted Coach Ray Walley. The Golden Bears are the only undefeated team in the Pacific Eight; but it doesn't mean a thing. The school has stuck with its decision to play Running Back Isaac Curtis, even though he was deemed ineligible by the NCAA, so none of the wins count in the conference standings.

For the first half of its game with Oregon State, Washington appeared to be still in shock from its two losses in a row to Stanford and Oregon. The Huskies led 17-7, but Sonny Siskiller had completed only eight of 23 passes, and none for touchdowns. Happily, Sonny was crisp with his hand-offs on the draw play to Tom Scott, a slender, 170-pound halfback who slipped through OSU's frantic pass rush for 89 yards in 10 carries to lead Washington to a 38-14 win. Meanwhile, the Husky defense held hard-running Dave Schilling to 22 yards in 10 attempts.

San Diego State Quarterback Brian Sipe hurled 52 passes, completing 28 for 439 yards and four touchdowns, as the Aztecs came from 13 points down in the third quarter to defeat Utah State 36-20.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE LINEBACKER: Tom Reynolds, a San Diego State split end who sat out last season with a knee injury, caught 17 passes, three shy of the NCAA single-game record, for 290 yards and one touchdown as the Aztecs beat Utah State.

THE BACK: Washington State's Don Sweet, a sweet style kicker from Canada who was discovered in a PE class, booted a 27-yard field goal as time ran out, lifting WSU to a one-point upset over heavily favored Stanford.

A Bobby Boston doesn't own

And a good thing, too, because swift Bobby Sheehan, one of pro hockey's few Americans, is a crowd-drawing savior for the sorry Seals

He was known throughout New England as the king of the rink rats. Have skates will travel, that was his calling card. At 3:30 a.m. he would be there at the hockey rink in Walpole or Lynn or Cohasset waiting for the college kids to say they needed one more player to fill out the sides and, yes, he could skate free. At noontime he would be at the Ridge Arena in Braintree or the old Boston Arena on St. Botolph Street, playing for dear old Weymouth High. And then in the evening he would be in Cranston or Berlin or Waterville, skating for the Painters or the Shawmut Associates in some industrial or club league. The king of the rink rats got around.

He even had two names: Bob Terry and Bobby Sheehan. One sure way to

start an argument in those hockey circles was to pose the question: "Who's better—Terry or Sheehan?" Some people insisted that Terry had a better shot than Sheehan but that Sheehan was a better skater than Terry. Others thought Terry's size—he was only 5'7"—was against him. And there were those who believed that Sheehan was tall enough but much too skinny for a hockey player. What they all agreed on, though, was that Bob Terry and Bobby Sheehan were not the ordinary everyday young American hockey players.

Let's call him Bobby Sheehan, as his parents do. "I had to have two names back in high school," he says. "According to the rules, a student could play for the high school team only. Huh. That meant only 14 games a year at most. How could you become a good player with only 14 games a season? So I played for the high school as Bobby Sheehan and everywhere else as Bob Terry. They never caught me."

Now, at age 22, Sheehan is proving even more elusive as the leading goal scorer and the only real gate attraction of the California Golden Seals. Sheehan, who ranks with Bobby Orr and Yvan Cournoyer for sheer speed, scored five goals in the Seals' first seven games, none of which they won, and about the only reason people came out to the Coliseum in Oakland was to cheer their Yankee as he sprinted off on his nightly breakaways.

Last Friday the Seals, who had been averaging less than 3,400 spectators a game, jointly killed their contest with the Boston Bruins as a "Battle Between the Bobbys—Sheehan and Orr," and more than 10,000 people jammed the building. While Orr and the Bruins easily won the game 5-1, Sheehan played superbly against his home-town team.

After the game Milt Schmidt, the Bruins' general manager, asked Garry Young, his Golden Seal counterpart, if Sheehan might be available in a trade.

"No way," Young said sternly. "If we traded Sheehan, the people here would murder us. Bobby is excitement and, man, that's what we need here." Even Charlie Finley, the owner of the Seals, recognizes Sheehan's ability to create excitement. "He could be for my hockey team what Vida Blue was to my baseball team," Finley says.

This year Sheehan is one of eight American players in the NHL. The Seals have no fewer than four of these Yanks: Sheehan, Stan Gilbertson, Tom Williams and Craig Patrick (son of Lynn Patrick, general manager of the St. Louis Blues). Reason enough, some people would say, why they were winless until last Sunday. (The other Americans are Montreal's Larry Pleau, Minnesota's Gary Gambucci and Charlie Burns and Pittsburgh rookie Joe Nemej.)

For Sheehan, the trip from Weymouth, a bedroom suburb 20 miles south of Boston, to California was not an easy 747 champagne flight. "When I finished high school in 1965," he says, "I had two choices. I could take a hockey scholarship to a college in the U.S. or I could go to Nova Scotia and play junior hockey." Never a greasy grind, Bobby decided to play in Canada, though "I really didn't think I'd make it."

The first weeks in Halifax were rough. The Canadian boys were using Sheehan like a Yo-Yo. "In the States you could get away with skating with your head down," he says. "Not up there." The Canadians made Sheehan the target of all their practical jokes and snide remarks, too. "They stopped the jokes when I knocked down a door they had locked on me."

Sheehan recovered his room, board and \$12 a week. "I couldn't live on \$12," he says. "I originally there was a race-track next to the hockey rink in Halifax. I made my real money at the track." On the ice Sheehan captivated the crowds but antagonized the management. He scored 65 goals his first season and 88 his second, despite numerous suspensions and fines and other disciplinary measures. "Somehow I always seemed to be in the middle of everything that happened," he recalls.

The next year Sheehan was sent to the St. Catharines Black Hawks of the Ontario Hockey Association, Canada's best amateur league. "The funny thing is that they traded three Canadian kids



SPEEDBALL SHEEHAN IN MID BREAKAWAY

continued

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You *can* spend extra if you want to, and get automatic transmission, sun roof, vinyl top, decor group interior (shown) or—still another Capri option—a gutsy new engine (2000cc, overhead cam four).

But that's about it for options.

It's what is included in Capri's shamefully low price tag that's important.

No wonder Capri started breaking records its first year here.

No wonder Capri was promptly named "import car of the year."

Capri. The sexy European.

Imported for Lincoln-Mercury.

HOCKEY —continued

to get me," he said. He had scored 44 goals and 41 assists and was leading all the scorers in the OHA when he was suspended for making an unauthorized visit to New York state.

After that season Sheehan was eligible for the NHL's draft of amateur players. "I wanted to go to an expansion team," he says. "I wanted to play—not sit on a bench for some established team. So when the Montreal Canadiens drafted me I practically had a heart attack. They had a million good centers." Sheehan spent the past two seasons shuttling between the Canadiens and the Montreal Voyageurs, their farm club.

When Jean Beliveau or Henri Richard was hurt, Sheehan was called up to fill in. Substituting for Richard two years ago, Sheehan scored his first NHL goal. "It was against Ed Giacomin of New York," he recalls. "It was sort of a fluky goal, but I have the puck and don't plan to give it back." Last year he even scored the hat trick in one game for the Canadiens.

"I didn't really expect the Canadiens to keep me," he says. "My style is not quite their style. I skate hard and fast for 60 seconds and then I'm tired, mostly because I waste too much energy going nowhere important. They wanted me to pace myself but, well, that's not me." As goaltender Ken Dryden once said, "Sheehan is hyperactive." Sheehan laughs and notes, "I don't know what that means, but if Dryden said it, it must be right."

Shortly after the Canadiens won the Stanley Cup last spring, they sold Sheehan to the Seals, and last week when they made their first visit to Oakland they brought Sheehan some of his rewards for playing on the cup-winning team. There were a watch, a color television set and a tape recorder. "Sure, I miss Montreal," Sheehan said that night, "but at least I'm playing regularly here. Who knows when I would have taken a regular shift with the Canadiens."

Sheehan anticipates a steady influx of American-born players into the NHL. "There are rinks everywhere in the U.S. now," he says, "and kids can play the game all year. What the officials must do, though, is adopt the pro rules, with hitting all over the ice. Then kids won't have to spend a year learning to keep their head up like I did."

It would also help if the kids became rink rats. **END**

The Good Lord willin' and the creeks don't rise," said the ads in the Los Angeles papers, and Friday began shaping up strong as Country Music Night at the harness races. The harness people at Hollywood Park paid for the ads, and KLAC, the Los Angeles radio station with the big Nashville sound, got in on it too, and together they promised there would be the goldrindiest set-to you ever did see: \$3,000 free western hats at the gate, three "pockin', grin'nin', stompin', shoutin'" country-music bands on the loose, hundreds of square dancers warming things up beforehand and down-home prices on hot dogs (one dime) and beer (two bits).

Hollywood Park was gussied up fit to kill in red-checked gingham hunting, although the "10-gallon western hats" were made in Scranton, Pa. out of that foamy white plastic they serve coffee in nowadays. Still the nine harness races the track had said would be run did indeed come off as scheduled, and all in all it was a cut or two above your everyday night at the races.

Hollywood Park's front office, which has been observing such special nights for some time now, said Country Music Night was designed to "recall the fun and friendliness of the rural country fairs where harness racing has long been a sporting highlight." That aim seemed modest enough. At least 1,000 square dancers had gravitated to the track from all over Los Angeles, turned out in pointy-toed boots and crinoline petticoats, an hour before post time for the first race. There was no denying they recalled a different time and a different place.

Their presence was in response to an appeal which had swept through the square dancers' underground press. Apart from free tickets, the big attraction was the fact that Ray Cox would call 15 minutes of dancing for all certified square dancers who showed up. Cox, a patio pottery salesman by day, is just about the best square-dance caller in all of California, and people who got the word started volunteering in right smart numbers.

"My goodness, just look at all those fine people," Ray said proudly. "Lots of folks have the idea we're still in a barn getting drunk on corn liquor," said Ray's wife Charlotte, who is a very good dancer and caller, too. "But you don't drink before or during a

Cold taters, warm hopes at Hollypark

dance. What you do afterwards is your own business." And though they had never rehearsed together, all moved with finesse and precision when Ray Cox called them out.

The hot-dog and beer lines were good and long, and as the people ate, dinner music was provided by Little Jimmy Dickens and his country boys from a stage beside the winner's circle. When Little Jimmy sang "Take an Old Cold Tater," his face wore that look of fixed friendship that comes to a man who has been on the road for a long, long time. Trouble was, the betting windows were as cold as Little Jimmy's tater. Toward the start of the first race Little Jimmy was asked by management to take a break. Which he did.

"You got to work within the limitations," said a philosophical man from Tommy Walker Productions, Inc., whose branchchild the night was. "Lots of things you might do around here, but if you do too much, they won't bet; if you make too much noise you scare the horses and if you let go a lot of balloons you rack up a jet." (Hollywood Park sits just beneath a glide path of Los Angeles International Airport. At any given moment a jet may be seen slipping through the cigarette smoke and smog above the grandstand rooftop.)

The Walker firm was first called in to help Hollywood Park in 1969 when the track faced two difficult problems. The first of these was that harness racing comes to town and in 13 weeks is gone. Only a few more weeks are devoted to it elsewhere in the state. Thoroughbred racing, on the other hand, is available to Californians the year round, and its followers are routinely abreast of what jockeys are riding well and what mounts are winning. "In a way we're like a circus," says one of the harness men. "If we don't catch people right at the be-

ginning of our meeting, we're all through before they get over here."

The other promotional problem confronting the track became evident shortly after it switched to night racing halfway through the 1968 season. Average attendance went up, but all the aging familiar faces were gone. Older handicappers—retired people, for example—had been loyal patrons during the afternoon, but were not coming out to the track at night.

"What we had to do—what we still have to do—is attract young people to harness racing," says Pres Jenuine, the general manager of Western Harness Racing, Inc., which runs the meeting at Hollywood Park. "We've got to get them here first of all, and then prove to them that racing is as much fun as any other sport—as much fun as the Lakers, the Rams, the Trojans, the Bruns, the Dodgers, the Kings. What a competitive sports town this is!"

Although 21,300 showed up at Hollywood Park, the per-capita handle on Country Music Night was scarcely \$70—a \$10 decline from the average Friday. That's bad, right?

"No, that's good," said Track President Bob Wellman. "That proves a lot of people here tonight obviously aren't familiar with racing and betting. They came to see what it's all about, and maybe bet just a little. Our bet is that a lot of them will come back—and then they'll bet a bundle."

"A racetrack has to overcome obstacles in people's minds," said Jenuine. "I mean, walking through that front gate can be a scary thing if you don't know what to expect. Having these special nights gives first-timers something familiar to count on."

Indeed, the total experience seemed to be to the patrons' liking. And though the betting handle was off, hot-dog sales were terrific: 22,000, all told, washed down by 16,000 beers.

But that's history. Already they are talking up "Share the Purse" night on Nov. 12, an elaborate scheme whereby anyone who has visited the track that week stands a chance, a remote chance to be sure, to receive a 10% split of the winner's purse in the \$100,000 feature—\$4,500, to be exact. The opportunity, slant as it is, ought to go a long way toward alleviating a nervous novice's fear of pushing through a Hollywood Park turnstile.

END

Is your watch a compulsive liar?

Three minutes here, five minutes there, the time comes when you're forced to admit that your watch has a chronic condition: Lying.

And unless you want to continue missing trains, planes and dates (or worrying that you're going to), that's the time to get yourself an Accutron® watch.

It doesn't have a mainspring that can get unsprung.

Or a balance wheel that can get unbalanced.

It has a tuning fork movement guaranteed to keep it

truthful to within a minute a month.*

Just change its battery once a year.

And every time you look down at it you'll know that's an honest face looking back up at you.

*Shown: Accutron Date and Day "AD". Asymmetrical designed case. Two-tone applied markers on recessed gold dial. Date reveals instantly. Protected against common watch hazards. \$225. Other styles from \$110.

Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to the Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase. Bulova Watch Co., Inc.



Accutron® by Bulova
The truth-loving tuning fork watch.

AMERICAN MOTORS INTRODUCES THE GUARANTEED CAR.

If anything goes wrong with one of our 72's
and it's our fault, we'll fix it free. Anything.

AMERICAN MOTORS 1972 BUYER PROTECTION PLAN.

For years, car buyers in this country have been saying that instead of shiny new chrome every year, what they really want is a good car they can count on.

That's why American Motors and its dealers put together their 1972 Buyer Protection Plan.

Here's how it works:

A STRONG GUARANTEE IN PLAIN ENGLISH.



When you buy a new 1972 car from an American Motors dealer, American Motors Corporation guarantees to you that, except for tires, it will pay for the repair or replacement of any part it supplies that is defective in material or workmanship.

This guarantee is good for 12 months from the date the car is first used or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first.

All we require is that the car be properly maintained and cared for under normal use and service in the fifty United States or Canada and that guaranteed repairs or replacements be made by an American Motors dealer.

This guarantee gives you 12-month or 12,000-mile coverage on a lot of things most car warranties don't. It covers air conditioning, battery, radio, wiper blades, front end alignment, light bulbs—literally everything we put on the car except tires.

In other words, if something we did goes wrong with one of our '72's, you won't have to pay for the parts or the labor.

We will.

A MORE THOROUGHLY-CHECKED CAR. FROM THE FACTORY AND THE DEALER.

Naturally, we wouldn't be backing our cars like this if we weren't more sure of



them than we've ever been before. For 1972, we've put in more quality control steps, more tests and more people to see that every car leaving our factory is as perfect as man and machine can make it.

At the dealer's, it's checked over again.

Every car (not one of 50, one of 5, every one) is road-tested for starting, handling, braking and overall performance. When the serviceman completes the test, he signs his report and slides it over the sun visor, where you can see it.

And, when a man signs his name to something, you can be sure he's done his job. And done it right.



A LOANER CAR WHEN YOU NEED IT. FREE.

Not only do we offer you a strong guarantee, we've set up a system to back it up without inconveniencing you.

If you have to leave your '72 overnight for guarantee repairs, over 2,000 dealers will loan you one of their cars. A nice, clean, well-equipped car in good condition. Free.



A DIRECT LINE TO DETROIT. TOLL-FREE.



We're making some big promises, and we fully intend to keep them. But, just in case you have a problem, we have a way of handling it. When you buy a '72, you get the name and toll-free number of a person in Detroit.

If you call, we promise you you'll get results. And fast.

These aren't just fancy words. We mean it.

Nobody in the business does as much for you after you buy a car, and it takes a lot of time, men and money to do all of these things.

But we think it's worth it.

Since we're giving American car-buyers exactly what they say they want, we should sell more cars than we've ever sold before.



American Motors



Subdivider Jeff Dennis has a new pitch for babes in the wilderness

Peddling God's country

At the top of California, where the Sierras meet the Coast Range, America's most successful recreational land developer has a new scheme for subdividing the wilderness. That is how real-estate tycoons put it.

Jeff Dennis, 48, has made a fortune providing rustic plots for claustrophobic Californians to get away from it all. Throughout the 1960s he carved up farm and ranch land the length and breadth of the Golden State and sold it off at city prices—\$5,000, \$10,000, in some places \$30,000 an acre, and more.

But the boom may be over. Many of these developments have become rural ghost towns, magnificent countryside

slashed through by deserted roads. Buyers have not been able to afford building their second homes. Many have failed to meet their payments, resulting in numerous foreclosures. In some places lot values have failed to appreciate and often owners cannot unload their land at any price. Consumer complaints and charges of land rape have led to numerous bills being introduced in the California legislature. The demand is for new ecological controls on the projects of men like Jeff Dennis.

Ralph Nader's recent California report claimed that more than half a million rural acres in the state had been bulldozed by "premature" wilderness subdivisions, depriving the state of potential parkland. "Public access is lost to lakes and streams by lots that are owned but not used," the report noted. "The land is frequently badly scarred with roads and fill, and natural ground cover is permanently devastated. The courses of streams are purposefully altered. Wildlife habitat is bulldozed into extinction."

Nine developments initiated or managed at one time by Jeff Dennis were singled out for criticism. Among the 3,600 parcels sold in one development, foreclosures and defaults outnumbered new houses by 380 to nine. Only one house was standing on the 230 parcels sold in another development. At Lake Arrowhead a real-estate broker said she could get 1,000 listings from "buyers who wish to resell, but there is no market."

Publicly, Dennis brushed off the charges: "Who is to say what constitutes a premature subdivision? This is still America. If a man wants to buy land and sit on it for 10 years, that is his business." But privately, Dennis thought the Nader report might benefit his latest wilderness project, the 5,119-acre R-Ranch, located near Hornbrook, Calif. Instead of getting postage stamp lots, 2,500 R-Ranch families will hold an "undivided interest" in what is to be, literally speaking, a country club. For \$4,590 they will be entitled to camp, hunt, fish, swim, ride or anything else on the ranch except own a plot of land or build a house.

One 56-room bunkhouse will provide minimal indoor accommodations for members, but most will stay in their

campers, trailers or tents at one of two ranch campgrounds. Each R-Ranch "property owner" is entitled to invite 12 groups of friends per year to spend a weekend at "our ranch."

Since the plan calls for no individual lots necessitating improvements, Dennis has saved money and kept much of the land in its natural state. But he is still unsure about customer acceptance of this more ecologically acceptable approach. The San Francisco Bay Area is six hours driving time away. Somehow, spending \$4,590 to commute that far every weekend seems less than Nirvana.

The Herculean sales achievements of Jeff Dennis, however, are legendary. In 1966 he formed a partnership known as Pacific Cascade Land Company with Boise Cascade. The next year, with land sales topping \$30 million, Dennis sold out to Boise. As part of the deal the company insisted that Dennis retire from the rural land business until 1971. So he retreated to his cowboy-modern Oakland headquarters, which he turned into a personal shrine. Over the office toilet is the canceled \$1,167,000 check he paid the Internal Revenue Service one year. His desk is inlaid with \$20 gold pieces and one wall features a glittering gun collection. Over by the window is a stuffed bobcat bagged by a salesman on the opening day of one project; he ran over the animal with his Cadillac.

Dennis could have accepted early retirement. Instead, he launched the R-Ranch development. Early in September the selling of the subdivision was officially begun. A jet charter brought 21 "buying units" (customers and their families) from San Francisco. Dennis' finest salesmen were on hand, and before the prospective clients arrived the men had polished their sales pitches. Some claims were absolutely accurate. The Klamath River, which cuts through the ranch, does have extraordinary fishing, mainly because the development is just two miles downstream from a state hatchery. But when one salesman boasted that more deer were bagged in Siskiyou County than in all the rest of California, he was well off target, and when he stated that nearby Mount Ashland in Oregon had the only powder skiing in America, the name of Alta, Utah must have slipped his mind.

Dennis had 100 pheasants trucked in the night before the clients arrived so that the salesmen could rave about the bountiful game. Tragically, the birds were packed too tightly, and half of them suffocated. Dennis wanted to cook them for lunch but his staff found the idea unappetizing.

From the moment the jet charter landed at the Siskiyou County airport things seemed to go awry. The customers were to have ridden to the ranch in buses on backcountry roads. However, there was a bus-driver insurrection. The men refused to take the prescribed route because it meant driving their 14-ton Greyhounds over a Klamath River bridge with a posted limit of nine tons. "We took buses over that bridge when I was working on another land project up here," one of Dennis' men protested, "and nothing happened at all. It's not your responsibility if the bridge doesn't hold up. That's the highway department's problem." But the drivers were adamant, taking a less rustic route.

On tours of the ranch the salesmen coordinated their patter with the scenery; as each man reached a thin stand of pine, he turned off the air conditioning, rolled down the windows and let the visitors smell the trees.

By the end of the day it was apparent that the customers sent up from San Francisco were had ones—freeloaders, husbands without wives, some who did not even have the courtesy to bring their checkbooks. One couple actually had gotten on the wrong charter flight at Oakland airport; they had intended to go to another development called Lake of the Pines. The salesmen tried unsuccessfully to close deals at picnic tables by an artificial stream as Dennis barbecued steaks. Someone dug into a freezer and hauled out a few sizable steelheads caught back in July in the Klamath River. Still no interest.

But Dennis remained undaunted, even though just five sales were made that day. For one thing, he had carefully hedged his bet. He had retained 500 acres adjoining R-Ranch to develop commercially. And in Mendocino County he happily was proceeding with plans to chop 28,800 acres into lots, forming the biggest "rural" subdivision in California history.

END



They're soft and comfortable. Just the thing you'd want to wear around the house.

But they're styled with a plastic sole. Which makes them great for vacations and country clubs.

And any other place you can think of.

JIFFIES The slipper that's a shoe.

Jiffies lead a double life.

JR

Another line product of Kayser Roth



It's still called golf, even in the Outback. But Australians, with their penchant for putting reverse English on things, have come up with a game that holds almost nothing sacred



I wonder if she's still there. I like to think she is: narrow old-lady's shoulder blades pressed against the wattle tree. Ice-blue eyes methodically auditing the landscape. The 12-gauge shotgun she calls Big Brother cradled in her lap, safety off. Her trigger finger itching perceptibly as she singlehandedly holds at bay—for a time, at least—the encroachment of golf on civilization.

Travers, or Travis, was her name, but the Melbourne newspaper that gave the account did not describe her, so I am free to imagine her as being creased with character lines, depicting a keen intellect; tanned and wary and poker straight and, like most Australians, glowing with a deep-down bullheadedness.

What the old lady Travis, or Travers, had announced from her station near the NO HAWKERS sign in her yard was that she did not think the patrons of the adjoining Frankston municipal golf course had been given a divine right to sprinkle her

property and pet sheep with their hooks and slices—this wasn't Sai-gow, you know—and that she was fully prepared to blow the fool head off any golfer who came retrieving. Her tone defied all thoughts of clemency.

She said she had collected three shoeboxes full of evidence in her effort to get that portion of the course closed, and that if, "as people say, I'm an old bag, well, I think they know now that some old bags are filled with dynamite." When last heard of, she had taken her case up the ladder of Australian jurisprudence, and won \$23 damages. There are those who believe that Travis, or Travers, is on the side of the angels.

For openers, I would hope to establish with this example of true Australian grit that the will to find a place for golf—and to keep golf in its place—is still alive in that country. But it is only fair to say that there are some signs that this attitude is weakening. *continued*

POMS, BUTCHER-BIRDS AND BOGEYMEN

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

BUTCHER-BIRDS continued

Most Australian golf courses that I have seen, for instance, have an uncomplicated lived-on look, a charming devil-may-care quality all their own, as befits a people who like to get the job done without nonsense: grow some grass, sink a few holes, have yourself a course. Many of these layouts, especially in the sand belt around Melbourne, are natural garden spots, and I made that comment—"This is a garden spot"—to an Aussie cabdriver as we cruised up the tree-lined drive to a course one afternoon. His reply was dear to the heart of an unconvicted observer of golf, and worth the price of the ride: "Yes," he said, "most cemeteries are."

Other courses are much more to the point. At Surfers Paradise near Brisbane, where the Australian PGA was held this year, the course has been built over a cow paddock and swarms with bush flies.

The pros went down the fairways waving their arms in wild circles. The fairways bleed together, shots straying from one to another. (A man selling American football helmets might do business here.) There is a giant eucalyptus tree smack in the middle of one fairway, and another fairway meanders across the back side of the course in such a fashion that the green can be approached from six or eight directions.

At Alice Springs, in the dead heart of the Outback, there is a course that can only be played after four or five—four or five short beers, that is. What the Aussies call "stubbles." The Alice Springs course is a pastiche of yellow stubble, specimen rock formations and clinging brown dust. Grass has no hope there because it almost never rains in Alice Springs. A five-gang mower was purchased for the groundskeeper one year and it didn't turn a wheel for the next seven. The greens (called "browns") are

oiled sand. Two smooth-out scrapes with a bar rake are allowed before every putt. A ball under a rock or in a wagon rut on the fairway can be moved a club length to a preferred lie, a six-inch move is allowed anywhere in the rough. It is clearly a course with character, and any man who plays it can't possibly take the game too seriously.

But new courses are being built (golf marches on), and the cry to make them "championship caliber" is heard in the land, just as it was in this country when architect-builders began yielding to the insatiable professionals who did not want the weekend hacker to be able to say he beat the course that beat the pro. The results in the U.S. were courses with nicknames like "The Blue Monster," and whole communities were planned around these central jewels (I have a dinner-time image of 50 or so square miles of golfing families, sitting around their roast beef, singularly engrossed in hip turns and pronation and this or that birdie that got away, and having a fairly low intuitive sense about what is going on in the other world.)

To make such a course means shoveling a lot of earth around and spending a lot of money. Australians are slowly giving ground to this way of thinking. One particularly impressive undertaking, by American architect Bob Von Hagge and Australian golfer Bruce Devlin, on the coast near Brisbane, will cost \$2 million and will be gorgeous and provide vantage points at every hole for television cameras. Smashing.

To go further. There have never been many outstanding young Australian players at any one time in professional golf because they do not receive the fawning patronage (cash, expenses, etc.) young American golfers multiply on, it being more acceptable for an Aussie to do it "the hard way." Original Australians (not to be confused with Aborigines) were convicts shipped in by Mother England to populate the place, and doing it the hard way seems to be endemic in the Australian nature. Kel Nagle started playing golf at the age of seven—the story is repeated everywhere, endlessly—with clubs fashioned from tree roots and cigarette tins. He even stuffed around for awhile in a lumber camp as a teen-ager.

Norman Von Nida, the Australian Ben Hogan, golfed his way out of the meat





works in Queensland, where his job was to separate bare-handed the cracked skulls of slaughtered sheep. Von Nida shoved his gleary, nodulose hands under my nose one night at dinner in Canberra and said, "That's why my fingers are so strong—like steel bars." He said the prospect of going back to the slaughterhouse helped him hustle a lot of unsuspecting pros and win a lot of Nassau in his time.

Von Nida is a tiny flame of a man who never weighed more than 140 pounds, but he took on all comers and gained a measure of notoriety in America for bouncing back from a sock on the jaw by Henry Ransom and then proceeding to throttle the bigger man right out on the golf course in Harlingen, Texas. He had accused Ransom of cheating on his score.

Often the hard way is too hard, however. A player named Bob Mesnil was charted as the new star of Australian golf a few years ago, only to drop out of sight: he was discovered some months later driving a soft-drink truck and playing on weekends with borrowed clubs. But if there was always more than than thick, the essential qualities of the Australian golfer remained intact: appealingly coarse and individualistic. When the late Ossie Pickworth, a free spirit (or "larnkin") who once won six out of nine tournaments without ever owning his own jet plane, used to plunk his entire winner's purse down on the tavern counter and yell, "Shout for the

bar!" it was probably all the cash he had in the world at that moment. Ossie, according to legend, was whisked from the jaws of fiscal oblivion many times, once by holding fast to the stub of a \$20,000 lottery ticket.

Now, alas, more money is being made available every season for the Australian touring professionals and, predictably, more players are touring after it. The result is a growing influx of the kind of faceless, fuzzy-checked player that keeps popping up to take trophies away from the big names on the U.S. tour. There are even two or three Americans who have become resident fixtures on the Australian tour, having concluded, correctly, that the Australian dollar goes further.

One of these Americans is a former New Jersey professional named Ron Howell. Howell decided he'd never make it in American enterprise when he added up the receipts at his pro shop one year and discovered the president of the club had purchased the grand total of \$46 worth of merchandise. "Everybody wanted a discount," Howell lamented. He moved to Sydney.

A marginal player, Howell figured to be a big fish in the smaller pond. I asked him over a hamburger at Surfers what he thought it took in winnings to get along comfortably Down Under. He said \$10,000 a year, and a smartly dressed young Australian golfer sitting with us blurted out, "Two."

"Two? Two what?" Howell asked.

"Two thousand dollars. That's what

I won last year," said the native pro.

The point is that although neither of these men will ever get rich playing the Australian circuit, where even a \$50,000 tournament is something read about only in dream dispatches from America, neither will they have to serve their apprenticeships in a lumber camp or by grappling with the skulls of dead sheep. The eventual result almost certainly will be the pall of sameness that dominates the U.S. game, and something more will be gone from Australian golf.

Then, finally, one afternoon in Canberra on the edge of the 5th green at the Dunlop International tournament, I ran into perhaps the most ominous of all signs of this slippage: the immaculate blond specier of Mark McCormack. McCormack has been appearing with increasing frequency in the country, fluttering over the Yarra Yarra and Royal Sydney galleries like a huge checker-coated hummingbird. And as every golf fan knows, Mark McCormack does not travel 10,000 miles to look at koola bears. McCormack travels to extract the appropriate homage and fat guarantees due his stable of moneymakers wherever they may appear. I think of Mark McCormack as the ultimate harbinger of golf's excesses.

But—are you listening Travis, or Travers, wherever you are?—if the walls of uniformity are weakening, the fortress still stands. It is still not only proper but accurate to say that the Australians have not allowed professional golf to

continued



BFG'S NEW RADIAL T/A: THE STREET TIRE THAT TOOK ON THE RACING TIRES. AND WON.

Nobody thought a street tire could hold its own against racing tires. Until we raced the new BFG Radial T/A.

It was in an SCCA race at Lime Rock. The BFG Radial Tirebird—driven by Larry Dent—was riding on Radial T/A street tires with only half their normal tread depth. All other cars were on special racing rubber, but we won. First in class. Tenth overall.

About the tire that did it: BFG's Radial T/A is the widest radial anywhere. 60-series wide. It's built with four big belts of Dynacor® Rayon Cord over a pair of radial body plies. It says its name big in proud raised white letters.

It has more than enough muscle for your kind of driving. You'd know that if you saw it race at Lime Rock. Or Daytona. Or Sebring. Or Watkins Glen.





BFG'S LIFESAVER RADIAL: THE STREET TIRE THAT TOOK ON THE STREET TIRES. AND WON.

It was at an IMSA-GT race in Danville, Virginia. Byron Morris and Clint Abernethy, co-driving a BMW, were riding on BFG Lifesaver Radials at half their normal tread depth.

All tires in the class were belted and radial street tires. You'd know all of them by name.

Byron took 1st in the Baby Grand Sedan Class. 6th overall.

Then on to Talladega, Alabama for the second IMSA-GT. Byron and BFG took 1st. At Charlotte, North Carolina, 1st again.

About the tire that did it: BFG Lifesaver Radials are 70-series wide to fit almost any car.

They have four belts of Dynacor[®] Rayon Cord and a pair of radial body plies. Just like the T/A. And they win. Just like the T/A.



**BFG.
THE LIFESAVER[®]
RADIAL TIRE
PEOPLE.**

B.F. Goodrich

in pursuit of excellence



**Remember
last year's cold?
How long
did the symptoms last?
This year take Contac.[®]
Early.
Get early cold care.
Get Contac.**



The head cold medicine.

BUTCHER-BIRDS *continued*

reach the hysterical heights of priority that it has reached in this country. Australian golfers do not necessarily consider themselves deified when they turn pro. They are not always catered to and stepped aside for at the better clubs. In fact, the opposite is often true, and no amount of posturing by indignant American and English pros can shake the resolve of a stubborn Aussie club member who doesn't want his rules changed (even if he just made them up) or golfers' wives in his clubhouse. There are, in fact, still clubs in Australia where the pro can't eat in the dining room.

Challenges to the barricades are made every year and usually end ingloriously for the challenger. Wives were indeed kept out of the Kingston Heath clubhouse during last year's Australian Open, despite strong liberating remarks by Mrs. Gloria Devlin, and the pros themselves were not allowed to practice on the course the day before. Gary Player was refused a cup of tea after shooting a record 65 on his way to the Open championship. He was told rather stiffly, he said, that it was past teatime.

One learns quickly not to take the celebrated Australian stubbornness lightly. It is deeply ingrained. The classic example is the dispute that once arose between the rival states of Victoria and New South Wales over the gauge of the tracks to be laid for the new railroad linking the cities of Melbourne and Sydney. Neither side would give an inch. The track was laid five feet three inches wide inside the Victorian border, and four feet 8½ inches the rest of the way. Passengers had to change trains at the border.

Neither do Australian galleries treat the professional golfer as though he were performing surgery. Rather, they regard him practically, objectively, as one enjoys a performer who has acquired a skill worth watching but not worth genuflecting to. They do not seem to regard the sport as being worthy of solemn assessment. Australian galleries are a breed apart—wonderful thundering mobs that charge down fairways and across the lines of fire like buffalo herds, and stand with their toes on the greens. They have been known to hoist a favorite onto their shoulders and carry him away, and think nothing of breath-

ing down the backswing of a man making a shot, or chumming up for a little conversation.

There is, therefore, really no such thing as crowd control at Australian tournaments. Lee Trevino, who enjoys the bantering more than anyone because that is his style, says you can't walk a straight line down a fairway in Australia, mingling as you do. Trevino has become so taken by it that he says he will eventually have to live there himself. Others, who think golf deserves to be played in a vacuum, would not agree, of course.

I have a particularly fond memory, culled from the weekend at Kingston Heath, of little Gary Player, all in white, groping between the legs of the advancing gallery trying futilely to replace a divot. He had hit his shot, and immediately the crowd surged over him like a herd of bamboo overhanging a desperate cabbage picker.

Australian galleries are never exceptionally large, and often prefer to follow the foreign players and leave their own to friends and family. Australians, as a whole, are not a nationalistic people. They wouldn't burn the flag, but then they probably wouldn't have one to burn. Peter Thomson, their best player, passed by one afternoon at Canberra so unattended that I missed him completely. Either that or I was dozing, which is also a possibility.

Anyway, Australians flock to the foreign players, especially if they are Americans. Australians have an incorrigible fondness for Americans. Their newspapers are laced with news from the U.S. Their styles are America-oriented. Their faces light up when they hear a Yankee accent. I suspect a reason for this is that we have never weighted them down with our charity and they can therefore appreciate us on equal terms. In any case, they love to tell Americans-in-Australia golf stories. How Arnold Palmer once clubbed a ball into a tree and climbed 15 feet to hit it. Or the time Cary Middlecoff lined up his drive on the first tee at Royal Melbourne so that he was facing the players' hut and a stand of trees, 180 degrees off line.

Or the time in Sydney when Tommy Bolt, in a fit of pique over being hand-

ed the wrong club, threw it at his caddy, followed that by hitting two straight balls into a lake and then tried to walk off without finishing the round, announcing, "I'm through!" Ossie Pickworth, his opponent at the time, rushed over shouting, "No, you ain't quitting now," and Bolt relented. Ossie was probably leading at the time.

Just as professional golf breeds egoists, the galleries of Australia seem to have been put on this earth to take them down a peg when necessary. Englishman Tony Jacklin was badly shaken two years ago by a galleryite in Sydney who, reacting to Jacklin's too obvious show of pleasure about making a shot out of a bunker, called him an "arsey —." Gary Player, who in his perpetual soul-searching manner has a knack for being misunderstood—and practiced it often during his 1970 visit—issued a mild complaint about a hard green at Royal Sydney one year. His ball had taken an inflated bounce and rolled off the back side, and a man who heard Player's cavil yelled at him: "Whyuntha start blaming yourself for a change and just hit the ball, ya mug." Last year Player and the galleries got along fine, but he was misquoted often by the Australian press and picked apart in columns by Peter Thomson.

True to form, however, the Aussies save their best shots for their own. "We are a nation of knockers," was how one Australian friend explained the phenomenon. "We've always enjoyed booing our own mob. We don't let anybody get too big for his pants." He said that at the Davis Cup Challenge Round one year the home crowd cheered so lustily for the Indian team it was embarrassing. At Kingston Heath in 1970, Bob Stanton, one of the young Australian golfers approaching star quality, missed a shot out of the rough. There were two men in the gallery right next to him when he muffed it, and one of them said in a stage whisper, "This joker must be an amateur." The other man said, "Yeah, and a pretty bad one, too." Stanton said he dreaded going out to play the next round.

During that tournament I spent some time speculating from a tricky stretch of terrain between the 8th and 16th greens, vaguely concerned for my life as the gallery ebbed and flowed around me and the balls whined overhead, but satisfied

in the knowledge that if I went I would take Ron Clarke, the Australian distance runner, with me. Clarke is a fellow agnostic on the subject of golf and was out for some fresh air. Kingston Heath happens to be a lush, lovely course—if not "championship caliber" at least tough enough for the pros to complain regularly about the sadistic pin placements. (Golf professionals do not want to just break par; they want to leave it in pieces. It enhances their image.)

It was an incredibly clear, crisp day in Australia, when the clouds are canyons of fleece and the shadows a man casts are so distinct they look like people chasing people. The magpies and butcher-birds were in full voice. It was an altogether perfect day to watch a golf tournament.

I kept edging around to keep Clarke between me and the line of fire, being extra careful not to fall in a bunker, so I am not exactly sure how the conversation started. I remember we had been talking about a golfer named Barnes who had attempted to putt from the 8th green to the 16th, just that day. This absurdity was so contrary to rules that we could not help but be delighted. Barnes had hit to the wrong green and had been told by an Australian named Dunk to "go for your life," to put away, so apparently neither one of them knew the rules. Another man standing with us told of the time Ossie Pickworth hit four consecutive shots into casual water in a big Australian tournament. "Ossie was too stubborn to ask for a ruling," the man said. "He kept dropping balls and banging them into that puddle. Ossie knew if you were farther from the pin you got to shoot first, but the finer points of the game escaped him."

But it suddenly dawned on me, standing there, that what Ron and I had been doing while watching the progress of the tournament was criticizing the generally unathletic appearance of what seemed a steady stream of skinnies and fatties and babes and oldies. Indulging in our meanness, we speculated over which one could swim in the English Channel or dribble a basketball with one hand.

Under normal circumstances, Clarke is a shy, rather diffident fellow, erectly handsome and prone to introspection, who rarely goes off half-cocked. To become a world-class runner—a record-breaker many times over—he suffered

continued

BUTCHER-BIRDS continued

the Australian "hard way" for years. The athletic club that spawned him is a small condemned-looking building next to the Melbourne thoroughbred racetrack on which the runners run. Its one-spout stall shower can be entered either from the locker room or a tear in the outside wall. In the winter the membership showers quickly, if at all.

So he gave the impression he was not speaking just off his head, but had given it thought, when he said he couldn't really appreciate a sport (golf) that did not require great reflexes or the ability to think fast. Or speed of any kind. Or youth, or strength, or the need to be fit. Or the need to react immediately to an opponent's play. (He had obviously been storing up the argument for some time, waiting for an ally.) And that of the only real requirement was long hours of practice and strong nerves, and spectators who are sworn to an intensive-care-ward silence, then it was not a sport at all, but a game, commendable in that respect but no more deserving than pocket billiards or bowling on the green. The catch was, I said, having agreed to all this, there is no "par" in most other sports. Par is the fishwife that nags the once-a-week amateur into recognizing continually how far removed he is from the professional.

A few days later, in his column in the Melbourne *Sun*, Clarke summed up his feelings under the general heading "Eat, Drink and Be Rich." He said that although there were obvious exceptions—such as Gary Player, who makes a point of being exceptionally fit and no doubt benefits from it—golf was the only sport in which you could "reach the top with a pot"; the only sport in which you could "chain-smoke your way to . . . a fortune"; the only sport in which athletes and nonathletes could compete on equal footing.

The exception that Clarke happened to make—Player—happened to win the Melbourne tournament, and the one the next week at Canberra, too. After that Player took his leave of Australia and left the PGA tournament at Surfers Paradise for Bruce Devlin to pick up. Clarke's column, of course, clearly stamped him as a nonsports-writer. Sports-writers—golf writers—perpetuate the mysteries of golf and glorify its

practitioners shamelessly, partly because most of them play the game themselves and like to brag about "having a round with Bruce" or "having a round with Arnie" (Football writers do not "have a game with Bubba," for obvious reasons.) Most Australian golf writers get carried away as easily as our own. One, apparently up all night turning phrases, welcomed Arnold Palmer to Canberra as "The God of Golf." God Palmer, for the record, finished tied for 12th. God-watcher Mark McCormack told him he ought to practice his chip shots.

Australian golf writers suffer desperately from the need to really let go. They don't get much space and their cramped, rather frantic style makes you think they have had to compose in a dumbwaiter, between floors. The day the Australian Open began there were seven pages of horse racing news and a single short story on the golf tournament in one Melbourne paper. The story was about one-tenth the length of a treatise on the inside entitled "I'm So Sack of Sex."

The best golf writer in Australia is Peter Thomson, the same one who is the best golfer. (The irony of this gets to you only after you have not thought about it for a while.) Thomson handles the language smartly and does not use a ghost. Columns by sports stars written by ghosts are very popular in Australia. Thomson chooses to go it alone. When he finishes a round he moves directly to the press tent, pounds it out and lets the chips fall on whomever they may—usually some foreign golfer whose presence he resents. His target last year was Player.

Gary let his guard down by saying he had no chance after a first-round 71 in the Australian Open, how really terribly messed up his game was, how it would take a "bloody miracle" to save him. The next day he shot a 65. Thomson couldn't forgive Player that 65. He wrote, "We are becoming used to, if not bored by, the soul-searching and hand-wringing that precedes [Player's] record scores. . . ." He used words like "histrionics" and "emotional displays" to describe Player's actions. It was obvious that Thomson would have been satisfied only if Player had run a string

of 71s. Meanwhile, an unrepentant Player was retaliating. Without naming him, he hinted broadly that it was Thomson who had arranged to have the course closed the day before the tournament and had made it uncomfortable for internationalists in many nasty little ways, and said a certain someone who writes a column as well as plays golf for a living had entirely too great an influence on the game in Australia. It was all too much for a casual observer.

So in Canberra I sought out Norman Von Nida and asked him about Thomson, whom I had not met but had been told was not terribly popular in his own country. "Thomson wants Australian golf for himself," Von Nida said. "He's jealous, that's all. He's the best golfer we've had, but he's that way. I don't like him much."

At the seat of Thomson's estrangement, I was told, was his reputation for being more British than the British. One does not have to spend much time in Australia before he hears that "most Aussies can't cop a Poin." That is to say, the average Australian wouldn't want his sister to marry a Britisher. They regard Thomson as a kind of naturalized Poin. They call him Pete-ah, and mock his affected British ways. They notice how he chums up to "his English writers," and has them to tea. They distrust his intelligence. "He reads Gandhi, of all things," I was told.

It just so happened I had the seat next to Thomson in the clubhouse at Canberra as we watched on television the finish of the tournament there. He is a strikingly photogenic man in his 40s, medium-sized with a flashy nose and curly brown hair and no upper lip. I had been warned he was also anti-American, which explained why he never participated in U.S. tournaments anymore. The story is told of the time in England when he won a tournament over Palmer and Nicklaus and was going into a restaurant afterward only to be cautioned by a friend that Palmer and Nicklaus were already inside. "You don't want to go in there, Peter. There's Nicklaus and Palmer," the friend said. "Yes I do," Thomson replied. "I want them to see me."

As a matter of fact, Thomson made no attempt to be hostile when we met. Not that he was particularly friendly, either. He just had no reason to be any-

continued

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BUTCHER-BIRDS

thing, and he wasn't. I asked him if it were true he didn't like Americans. If he didn't cop a Yank. He said, "Those things spread around. You don't like one or two and they say you don't like them all." He did not elaborate. I thought to myself, "Well done." I think I could learn to appreciate the qualities of Peter Thomson. Just the kind of wet blanket golf needs.

About that time a familiar figure began flickering black and white on the television screen, advancing onto the 18th green in that purposeful field marshal's stride, the now-customary worried look on his face (golf is no picnic for Gary Player, as he is the first to admit). The crowd cheered him on. Player was about to take another trophy away from Peter Thomson. Thomson shifted in his chair.

A man on the other side of Thomson, a British writer, it so happened, said he didn't care much for having had to travel all these thousands of miles to write about Gary Player winning two tournaments in a row.

"Yes," said Thomson soothingly. "It's a bloody shame."

Thomson, Bruce Devlin and Bruce Crampton are really the only Australians making an impact on international golf today. Von Nida and Nagle still play, but are no longer factors. Von Nida is semiretired, and Nagle is getting older and has a bad back.

Devlin, the onetime master plumber, was more often than the others, and with Bob Von Hagge is going to make a fortune building gorgeous golf courses for the growing legions of converts, there being no reason to think the end is in sight.

It is a sore spot with the Australians, however, that neither Devlin nor Crampton lives there anymore. They have made their nests in the United States, where they can be closer to the egg (Thomson has been known to remind his readers of this on occasion). Devlin returns every year to participate in the major Australian tournaments. He is an easy-swinging, easygoing, likable man who—blond, tanned, lean—looks like he should be playing in Western movies, and because he is conscientious and has put a lot of his money back into the country he has not gone out of favor there. On the con-

trary, he is probably the most popular Australian golfer of the lot.

Crampton, on the other hand, makes no pretense. He hardly ever goes home. The Australians have no use for Crampton. They are delighted when they read that he is referred to in the American press as a sourpuss.

How good these three are compared with the best Australian golfers who came before them—Jim Ferrier, Ossie Pickworth, Von Nida, Nagle, etc.—is a moot question and one I have no interest in answering. I would rather conclude that if I were compelled to follow golf forever I would have it be in the days not long ago when Australian golf really had some meat on its bones, and those happened to be the days of Pickworth, Von Nida, etc.

I mean, I doubt seriously if any of the pros around today would get caught in a bunker with another man's wife, as a prominent Aussie pro once did, and then lived to win her for himself. I doubt if any of them will be as exciting as Ossie Pickworth, who played so fast the galleries panted in his wake; who, on his first trip to England, told a startled group of Fleet Street writers that he "trained on beer," and patted his ample stomach for emphasis; who said English golf courses were like "Chinese market gardens"; and who, in a dispute with Ferrier over the sharing of gate receipts, once leaped up on a table and shouted, "I'm king here!"

And Norm Von Nida, that irrepressible little man. Playing in the British Open in a floor-length raincoat. Chopping down the top of an offending bunker with his sand wedge at St. Andrews. Calling the burn at the 1st green "the bloody ditch." Telling off officials. Senescent chattering galleries and clicking photographers with baleful stares. Throbbing Henry Ransoms.

If there was one golf tournament in all the world I would like to have seen in its entirety (and maybe the *only* one), it was the Australian Open held in Queensland in 1955. Von Nida gave me an infinite replay that night at Canberra. The event, he said, was played at the Gasles Golf Club, which had been built in part by the inmates of the adjoining Goodna Insane Asylum. The course was, in fact, laid out alongside the asylum grounds.

Final preparations for the tournament continued



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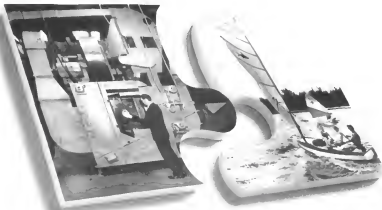
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BUTCHER-BIRDS continued

were still being made the night before the opening round: paint was still wet on the walls. The locker room towels—only a handful, and cheap—were purchased the day before, and the fuzz was still so thick on them that every time a man towed off, a thin layer of white fluff stuck to his face and body. There were only four or five tables set aside for pros in the tiny, teeming clubhouse—Von Nida called it the Black Hole of Calcutta. The stewards were new, but they were also unsophisticated. One was asked by Bobby Locke if there were any combs available for the golfers. The steward said, yes, sir, Mr. Locke, and whipped his own out of his back pocket.

A tropical rainstorm flooded the course the second day and rivulets of water coursed through the playing area. An amateur named Harry Hall-Kenny lined up a shot on the 18th fairway and a current of water picked the ball up and began moving it down a slight incline, between Hall-Kenny's legs. Hall-Kenny kept backing up, backing up, trying to hold his stance, waiting for the ball to pause so he could hit it.

The inmates of the asylum, having a proprietary interest in the event, lined the fence of the adjacent 12th tee each day, staring at the contestants who came

by. One correspondent who was there said the inmates clung to the barbed-wire fence, oblivious to the blood running down their arms, and he swore you could hear the streams and moans from inside.

When Von Nida came to the 12th he quickly hit his shot and started to leave when, as a reflex, he casually picked up a tee that had been discarded by the group ahead of him. One of the staring inmates stopped him with a low, menacing voice: "Hey, you, put that back. It belongs to the fellow up ahead." Von Nida said he dropped the tee and hurried on.

At the end of the tournament, speeches were made, mostly polite and inoffensive. Then Von Nida—"The Von," he was called—got up and delivered himself to the occasion. "I spared them nothing," he says. He told the crowd it was the worst tournament he had ever seen. "I don't think Queensland is ready for the Australian Open," he said.

The evening spent with Von Nida in Canberra was easily the most stimulating in my brush with Australian golf, and made watching the various tournaments palatable. Von Nida told of the days when he caddied barefoot for Walter Hagen, when first-prize money was no more than two pounds ten. And how—shades of Lee Trevino—he won golf bets

he ventured into without a dime in his pocket, and lost his shirt many times. And how he almost lost his knee when a player hit a truck shot off it and took more than the ball.

I asked him if he had ever written a book on golf, like everybody else.

Von Nida said he hadn't done an instructional, and wouldn't because they "are garbage."

I asked why.

He said, "Look at my hands. Do they look like Jack Nicklaus' hands? Am I built like Jack Nicklaus? There's no way for me to help my game by trying to swing like Jack Nicklaus. Player doesn't swing like Nicklaus, Hogan doesn't have hands like Snead. Palmer throws out a shank elbow. He should snap-hook everything he hits. How can you imitate them?"

I asked him, finally, for I felt the need for at least a modicum of expertise, what I could not know myself: if today's Australian professional golfers, carried along in the handbasket of affluence, were as good as they used to be.

Von Nida said, "Listen. I'm 56 years old. I only play in a few tournaments a year. But if I worked at it and got my game in shape, I could beat 'em all."

In my mind's eye, I can see Travis, or Travels, gladly allowing Norman Von Nida to slam balls into her backyard. Any day. **END**





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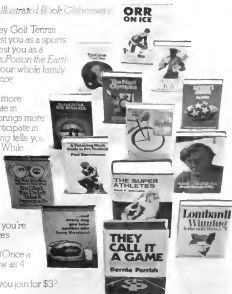
Lombardi—Winning is the Only Thing tells you that professional football builds character. While Bernie Parrish's *They Call It a Game* claims it reduces the giants who play it to pawns (We like to present both sides of an argument).

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180 The Big American Soccer Joseph Davis
181 The Super Athletes David Womack

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE BUCC'S RATORT

Sirs:

Please inform Ron Fimrite that what they call it in Pittsburgh is pitching! They also call it fielding. Whatever does Mr. Fimrite call that fiasco he tried to pass off as writing *A Birdbath for the Pirates*, Oct. 18?

NORMAN PASTERICK

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Quite a wit, your Ron Fimrite. His article is a classic in crossing bridges before you come to them and counting chickens before they're hatched. Eat your humble pie, Mr. Fimrite. You deserve every bite.

CHRISTINE M. GABLER

Irwin, Pa.

Sirs:

A birdbath for the Pirates? No, sir. It was the plank for the Birds, and they recovered the bath.

DENNIS R. KEMO

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

May Ron Fimrite be made to eat his words (bird food, so to speak), then jump in the birdbath with the Orioles and slowly sink away.

T. NICOLE

Allison Park, Pa.

Sirs:

All season long SI has ignored Pittsburgh pitching, calling it mediocre at best. Ron Fimrite said Weaver was stretching his imagination to conclude that there were good arms on the Pirate staff. Well, Blass, Bruce (Kison) and Briles might not agree. Wake up, SI. The pitching of Blass & Co. is great, and great is what the Buccs are, too!

ERIC O'RICOCCO

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

You did show fantastic foresight on one point. There are hundreds of minor league baseball players. Yet, in the article *An Old Hand with a Prospect* (June 14), Pat Jordan wrote about none other than Bruce Kison, now of the Pirates and one of the heroes of the 1971 World Series.

LARRY GARDIN

Brooklyn

Sirs:

Bruce Kison's performance in the play-off and in the Series was a fascinating and happy sequel to that brilliant article about him a few months ago.

W. MONTAGUE DOWNS, M.D.
San Francisco

OKLAHOMA WISHBONE

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' article *Oklahoma Wins the Wishbone War* (Oct. 18) was a memorable rendition of a historic day. But Oklahoma's question his claim that Quarterback Jack Milden "had been a big disappointment." After his junior year, Milden had an OU career record of the second most yards passing, the second most yards in total offense for one season, the second most yards passing in one year and the most completed forward passes in a single game—and that was against Nebraska.

Jack Milden is an unconditional hero, and we await his 1971 Thanksgiving Day performance against the Cornhuskers. Here the issue of No. 1 and No. 2 will be genuinely settled.

DAVID HALL

Governor of Oklahoma

Oklahoma City

Sirs:

Obviously Oklahoma has it all over Texas. However, the title of your article is rather misleading. True, the Sooners won a battle in the Wishbone War, but there is this guy in Alabama named Bear Bryant. . .

JOHN MORGAN

Gainesville, Fla.

OPENING SHOTS

Sirs:

So the hockey season has started, and since the Canadiens ended up in third place and, through a rather ridiculous playoff system, won the Stanley Cup, they have become the greatest team in hockey (*Enter the Icemen*, Oct. 18). Montreal goalie Ken Dryden becomes the new Georges Vezina, never mind Ed Guzmán and Tony Esposito. Guy Lafleur, although unproven, becomes the most accomplished player since Bobby Orr. Meanwhile, Ranger defenseman Brad Park had a poor season while being selected to an All-Star berth and scoring 44 points. And if he has a good season the Ranger defense, which allowed 177 goals last season, just might be able to rival Montreal's, which gave up 216.

Maybe you are right: Montreal is a great team, Boston is second best despite its 76-goal scorer and New York is hanging in the race by its Vezina goaltending. But I think it would be advisable to see what actually happens before any names are engraved on the Stanley Cup.

KARIN STRAUS

Jenicho, N.Y.

Sirs:

Shame on you, Mark Mulvey! Have you flipped your wig over the summer? How

can you have the audacity to pick Montreal to beat out the mighty Bruins in 1971-72? The Bostonians may perhaps be the best hockey team ever, and this year they will finish no lower than first.

JEFF DE FIO

Anaheim, Calif.

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on the opening of the National Hockey League season, and as a Chicago Black Hawk fan I particularly appreciated the comment by Boston's Phil Esposito. "Nobody remembers the 37 records we set . . . just . . . the Stanley Cup we didn't win."

In 1968-69 Bobby Hull set a record by scoring 58 goals, but the Hawks finished in last place. A winner can talk about records, but a loser has nothing to say.

ROBERT H. SLOAN

Highland Park, Ill.

Sirs:

Your no-holds preview was excellent. But neither the antics of Ken Dryden nor the million-dollar price of Bobby Orr and his animals will contain the New York Rangers. The most balanced attack in the league will bring the Stanley Cup to New York.

DOUGLAS NUBEL

Silver Spring, Md.

Sirs:

After the Minnesota North Stars finish the 1971-72 hockey season, everybody, including Mark Mulvey, will know what the Golden Shovel is.

LEE HOOKER

Bemidji, Minn.

YOUNG SLADES

Sirs:

My thanks and congratulations to Melvin Maddocks for his article on youth hockey (*New Awakening in Our Land*, Oct. 11). It was a long time in coming but well worth the wait. The hockey mania has indeed hit in more places than Boston.

JOE DECHENBACH

Edina, Minn.

Sirs:

What a delight to read your article on youth hockey! As transplanted Canadians we were thrilled to find a gun-ho minor hockey program out here in San Diego, even though it means practices beginning not at four or five a.m. but at one a.m. on Saturdays and games beginning at two a.m. on Sundays. With nearly 400 boys playing the game and a waiting list besides, one risk is hardly enough.

Meanwhile, we have sent two boys to Can-

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8971 MORRIS OLSEN, Los Ang.		*1836 JIM PINKNEY, New England		10412 JOHN HADL, San Diego	

ada in Junior A, one made the final cut of the WHL's San Diego Gulls and two more are at American colleges on hockey scholarships a la Chicago's Keith Magnuson and Montreal's Ken Dryden. Not bad for an eight-year-old program 15 miles from Mexico.

BILL SWEET

San Diego

Says:

More than 1,500 boys aged four through 20 years have been playing for the past five years in The Greater New York City Ice Hockey League. Watched over by seven fanatics, this league has just received the highest honor it ever hoped to achieve. Seven of its boys have been signed by St. Catharines Junior B Black Hawks of the prestigious Ontario Hockey Association. One boy is with Guelph and one boy is in Canadian Junior A hockey. I can speak authoritatively on this subject since I have been the league's director of publicity and player personnel since its inception. For all the boys in Bruins Country like Doug D. in your story, there are many more throughout the U.S. who, if given the opportunity, can excel in this once only Canadian sport.

In New York youth hockey does not fall apart after a boy reaches 14. Like his Canadian counterpart, who plays 60 to 80 games a season, the New York boy, between bantam age (14) and junior (20), averages 60 games playing NHL rules. Significantly, last February two New York City-based clubs of bantams and juniors handily defeated Kingston, Ontario's best representatives, in a less than genteel exhibition. Let's not rule out the determination of the youthful American athlete. Supervised properly, he can and usually does outperform any and all rivals.

GERALD N. ROBBLEE

New York City

Says:

If I were just beginning to become interested in hockey your article would have frightened me away. Your portrayal of the father of a young ice-hockey player is far from typical. The Town of Oyster Bay Ice Hockey League (Long Island, N.Y.) began with 200 boys six years ago and has grown to more than 700 youngsters who play on three outdoor artificial ice rinks. Our success is due to the fact that we do not turn away any player regardless of ability. The fathers are fine, dedicated men who put up with cold weather, lengthy travel and ungodly hours just to enable their sons to play the great game of ice hockey. The goal of our league and the other fine leagues here on Long Island is to provide fun for the recreational player as well as to develop the better players. We all strive to become better, but if by chance we are for-

continued

91



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18TH HOLE

tema, enough to develop the great American superstar, it will simply be an addition bonus for our hockey program.

CHARLES MURPHY
League Commissioner

Woodbury, N.Y.

Says

Having spent nine years on the squirt-pee-wee-bantam-midget-junior-hockey route with countless early, early morning jaunts to frigid rinks, I think I know quite a bit about it. Believe me, Mel in Madlocks tells it like it is. It is a beautifully written piece and he captures the whole bit, wobbly ankles, pratfalls, overly decked helmets, over-cautious dads and all.

The wonderful relationship of kids-to-kids, parents-to-parents, kids-to-parents and kids-to-dedicated coaches certainly must be one of the most vital aspects of the whole youth-hockey picture.

DAVID LERNER

Buffalo

JUNIOR SOCCER

Says

It was gratifying indeed to see an article on the North American Soccer League gracing the pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (the *We Found! Starting to Do the World's Game?* Oct. 4). We just wish that soccer boosters like NASL Commissioner Phil Woosnam would recognize the damage they do to their own cause in making exaggerated claims. We refer to the statement that 1,000 teams from each side of the border will participate in the 1972 Washington-British Columbia exchange program. In fact, only some 700 teams from each side will take part. This is still a gigantic undertaking, and upward of 21,000 players will engage in this friendly soccer rivalry. Parents included, we estimate that more than 40,000 soccer adherents will cross the border at Blaine, Wash. during a three-week period in the spring of 1972.

The rate of Washington Junior soccer growth would be speeded up greatly if only we had a full-time paid administrator. Mr. Woosnam and his colleagues might benefit themselves if they helped us to find and support such a person. The 8-year-old player of 1973 will be the soccer fan of 1981, and many of the parents of these junior players are the fans of today.

If our progress is slow, it is also steady, and we are certain that soccer will eventually be a major sport in America.

WILLIAM TUDMAN GRIFFIN
Washington State Junior
Soccer Association

Seattle

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